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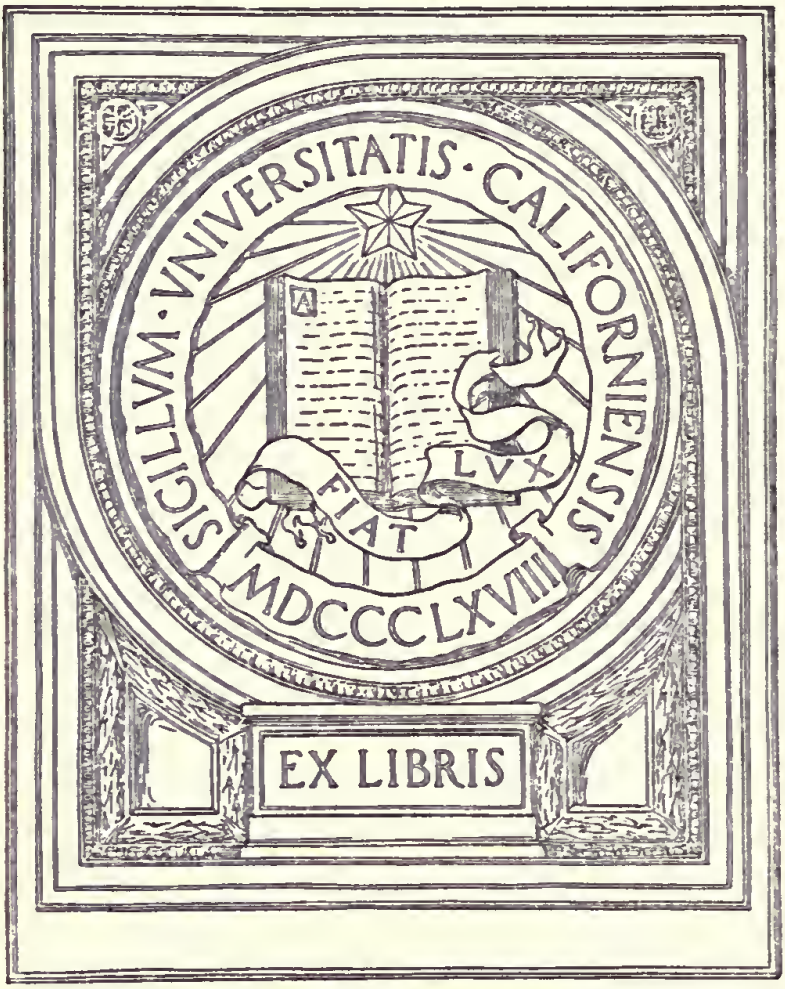

THE GIFT OF
MAY TREAT MORRISON
IN MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER F MORRISON

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REGULATED BY THE FOLIO OF 1632
WITH READINGS FROM FORMER EDITIONS,
A HISTORY OF THE STAGE, A LIFE OF
THE POET, AND AN INTRODUCTION
TO EACH PLAY.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

GLOSSARIAL AND OTHER NOTES, BY KNIGHT, DYCE,
DOUCE, COLLIER, HALLIWELL, HUNTER,
AND RICHARDSON.

EDITED BY

GEORGE LONG DUYCKINCK.

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"Measure for Measure" was first printed in the folio of "Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies," 1623, where it occupies twenty-four pages, viz., from p. 61 to p. 84, inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It was, of course, reprinted in the later folios of 1632, 1664, and 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

In the "History of English Dramatic Poetry," III. 68, it is remarked, that "although it seems clear that Shakespeare kept Whetstone's 'Promos and Cassandra' in his eye, while writing 'Measure for Measure,' it is probable that he also made use of some other dramatic composition or novel, in which the same story was treated." I was led to form this opinion from the constant habit of dramatists of that period to employ the productions of their predecessors, and from the extreme likelihood, that when our old play-writers were hunting in all directions for stories which they could convert to their purpose, they would not have passed over the novel by Giraldi Cinthio, which had not only been translated, but actually converted into a drama nearly a quarter of a century before the death of Elizabeth. Whetstone's "Promos and Cassandra," a play in two parts, was printed in 1578, though, as far as we know, never acted, and he subsequently introduced a translation of the novel (which he admitted to be its origin), in his "Heptameron of Civil Discourses." 4to. 1582[1]. No plays, however, excepting "Promos and Cassandra," and "Measure for Measure," founded on the same incidents, have reached our day, and Whetstone's is the only existing ancient version of the Italian novel.

The Title of Cinthio's novel, the fifth of the eighth Decad of his *Hecatommithi*, gives a sufficient account of the progress of the story as he relates it, and will show its connexion with Shakespeare's play:—"Juriste e mandato da Massimiano, Imperadore, in Ispruchi, ove fa prendere un giovane, violatore di una vergine, e condannalo à morte: la sorella cerca di liberarlo: Juriste da speranza alla donna di pigliarla per moglie, e di darle libero il fratello: ella con lui si giace, e la notte istessa Juriste fà tagliar al giovane la testa, e la manda alla sorella. Ella ne fà querela all' Imperadore, il quale fà sposare ad Juriste la donna: poscia lo fà dare ad essere ucciso. La donna lo libera, e con lui si vive amorevolissimamente."—Whetstone adopts these incidents pretty exactly in his "Promos and Cassandra;" but Shakespeare varies from them chiefly by the introduction of Mariana, and by the final union between the Duke and Isabella. Whetstone lays his scene at Julio in Hungary, whither Corvinus, the King, makes a pro-

[1] Whetstone's "Heptameron" is not paged, but "the rare Historie of Promos and Cassandra," commences on Sign. N. ij *b*.

gress to ascertain the truth of certain charges against Promos: Shakespeare lays his scene in Vienna, and represents the Duke as retiring from public view, and placing his power in the hands of two deputies. Shakespeare was not indebted to Whetstone for a single thought, nor for a casual expression, excepting as far as similarity of situation may be said to have necessarily occasioned corresponding states of feeling, and employment of language. In Whetstone's "Heptameron," the name of the lady who narrates the story of "Promos and Cassandra," is Isabella, and hence possibly Shakespeare might have adopted it.

As to the date when "Measure for Measure" was written, we have no positive information, but we now know that it was acted at Court on St. Stephen's night, (26 Dec.) 1604. This fact is stated in Edmund Tylney's account of the expenses of the revels from the end of Oct. 1604, till the same date in 1605, preserved in the Audit Office: the original memorandum of the master of the revels runs *literatim*, as follows:—

"By his Matie Plaiers. On St. Stivens night in the Hall, a Play caled Mesur for Mesur."

In the column of the account headed "The Poets which mayd the Plaies," we find the name of "Shaxberd" entered, which was the mode in which the ignorant scribe, who prepared the account, spelt the name of our great dramatist. Malone conjectured from certain allusions (such as to "the war" with Spain, "the sweat," meaning the plague, &c.), that "Measure for Measure" was written in 1603; and if we suppose it to have been selected for performance at Court on 26th Dec. 1604, on account of its popularity at the theatre after its production, his supposition will receive some confirmation. However, such could not have been the case with "the Comedy of Errors," and "Love's Labours Lost," which were written before 1598, and which were also performed at Christmas and Twelfth-tide, 1604–5. Tyrwhitt was at one time of opinion, from the passage in A. II. sc. 4.—

> "As these black masks
> Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
> Than beauty could displayed,"

that this drama "was written to be acted at Court, as Shakespeare would hardly have been guilty of such an indecorum to flatter a common audience." He was afterwards disposed to retract this notion; but it is supported by the quotation from the Revels' accounts, unless we imagine, as is not at all impossible, that the lines respecting "black masks" and some others (to use Tyrwhitt's words), "of particular flattery to James," were inserted after it was known that the play, on account of its popularity, had been chosen for performance before the king. One of these passages seems to have been the following, which may have had reference to the crowds attending the arrival of James I. in London, not very long before "Measure for Measure" was acted at Whitehall:—

——————— "and even so
'The general, subject to a well-wish'd King,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence."

Steevens quotes a passage from "a True Narration of the Entertainment" of the King on his way from Edinburgh to London, printed in 1603, where it is said, "he was faine to publish an inhibition against the inordinate and dayly accesse of people comming." Taken with the context, the lines above quoted read like an insertion.

We may, therefore, arrive pretty safely at the conclusion, that "Measure for Measure" was written either at the close of 1603, or in the beginning of 1604.

"Measure for Measure" was first printed in the folio of 1623; and exactly fifty years afterwards was published Sir William Davenant's "Law against Lovers," founded upon it, and "Much ado about Nothing." With some ingenuity in the combination of the plots, he contrived to avail himself largely, and for his purpose judiciously, of the materials Shakespeare furnished.

Of "Measure for Measure," Coleridge observes in his "Literary Remains," ii. 122: "This play, which is Shakespeare's throughout, is to me the most painful, say rather, the only painful part of his genuine works. The comic and tragic parts equally border on the μισητεον—the one being disgusting, the other horrible; and the pardon and marriage of Angelo not merely baffles the strong indignant claim of justice (for cruelty, with lust and damnable baseness, cannot be forgiven, because we cannot conceive them as being morally repented of), but it is likewise degrading to the character of woman." In the course of Lectures on Shakespeare delivered in the year 1818, Coleridge pointed especially to the artifice of Isabella, and her seeming consent to the suit of Angelo, as the circumstances which tended to lower the character of the female sex. He then called "Measure for Measure" only the "least agreeable" of Shakespeare's dramas.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, the Duke.
ANGELO, the Deputy.
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.
CLAUDIO, a young Gentleman.
LUCIO, a Fantastic.
Two other like Gentlemen.
Provost.
THOMAS, } Two Friars.
PETER, }
A Justice.
ELBOW, a simple Constable.
FROTH, a foolish Gentleman.
Clown.
ABHORSON, an Executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissolute Prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.
FRANCISCA, a Nun.
MISTRESS OVER-DONE, a Bawd.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke. Escalus!

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;
Since I am apt[1] to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then, no more remains,
But add[2] to your sufficiency your worth,[3]
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, y' are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
[*Giving it.*
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—[*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For, you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power. What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

[1] put: in f. e. [2] that: in f. e. [3] as your worth is able: in f. e [4] Not in f. e.

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to th' observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues; nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use[1]. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise:
Hold, therefore, Angelo: [*Tendering his commission.*[2]
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission. [*Giving it.*

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore, take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know,
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand.

[1] *interest.* [2] [3] Not in f. e.

I 'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'T is so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I 'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Lucio *and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why?[1] 'T was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There 's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

[1] Mr Dyce removes the interrogation (?) giving *why* an emphatic sense only.

1 *Gent.* What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay; why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example; thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet? thou art good velvet: thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I thing thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes!

1 *Gent.* I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars[1] a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

2 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there 's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison. was worth five thousand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who 's that, I pray thee?

[1] *A quibble upon dolours.*

Bawd. Marry, sir, that 's Claudio; signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 't is not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 't is so; I saw him arrested, saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is[1] to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away: let 's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* Lucio *and Gentlemen.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what 's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what 's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there 's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All bawdy[2] houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here 's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

[2] Not in f. a.

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I 'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service: you will be considered.

Bawd. What 's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let 's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there 's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, *and Officers.*[1]

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;[2]—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so: yet still 't is just.

Enter LUCIO *and two Gentlemen.*[3]

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scape by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin[4] down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What 's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

[1] *Enter Provost,* CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and Officers;* LUCIO *and two Gentlemen:* in f. e. [2] An allusion to St. Paul's Ep. to Romans ix: 15. [3] Not in f. e. [4] *Greedily devour*

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*

Lucio. A hundred. if they 'll do you any good.—Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the pronunciation[1] lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for procuration[2] of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in;—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'t is surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service.
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

[1] denunciation: in f. e. [2] propagation: in f. e.

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself essay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men: beside, she hath prosperous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And she can well persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick tack.[1] I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer; away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Monastery.

Enter Duke, and Friar THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought:
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws
(The needful bits and curbs to head-strong steeds[2])
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep[3];
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers,

[1] *Tric-trac.* [2] weeds: in f. e. [3] Old Eds. and Knight slip Theobald suggested the change also.

Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use, in time the rod' s[1]
More mock'd than feared; so our most just decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd;
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I fear, too dreadful:
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not due punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office,
Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,[2]
To draw on[3] slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint

[1] f. e.:

In time, the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd; so our decrees, *Becomes* was added by Pope.

[2] fight: in f. e. [3] do in: in f. e.

Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare
Lucio. [*Within.*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who 's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him:
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men.
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
[Lucio *calls.*[1]
He calls again: I pray you, answer him.
[*Exit* Francisca.
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?
Enter Lucio.
Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less, can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask,
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?
Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks.
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your scorn.[2]
Lucio. 'T is true. I would not, though 't is my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.
Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 't is thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:

[1] Not in f. e. [2] story: in f. e.

As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seeding the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?
Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isab. O! let him marry her.
Lucio. This is the point.
The duke, who's very strangely gone from hence,
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo; and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?
Lucio Essay the power you have.
Isab. My power, alas! I doubt.
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,

By fearing to attempt. Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight,
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother; soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, *a Justice, Officers, and other Attendants.*

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall,[1] and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honor know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
Err'd in this point, which you now censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I do not deny,
The jury, passing on a prisoner's life,

[1] *fell.*

May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try; what 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'T is very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults: but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from breaks[1] of ice, and answer none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, *Clown*, *Officers*, *&c.*

Elb. Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir? What 's your name, and what 's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they! are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well: here 's a wise officer.

[1] *brakes* was altered to *breaks* by Steevens. Dyce would read *brakes* (instruments of torture) of vice.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name: why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd: one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. [*To* ANGELO.] Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence: your honours have seen such dishes: they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right; but to the point. As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remem ber'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come; you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. —What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And I beseech you, look unto master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas.—Was 't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallownd eve.

Clo. Why, very well: I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'t was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for windows.[1]

Clo. Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there. I 'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause,
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit* ANGELO.
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face

[1] winter: in f. e.

—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I 'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He 's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her?—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I 'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall[1] do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what 's come upon thee: thou

[1] Altered by Malone to "should."

art to continue; now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth; farewell. [*Exit* FROTH.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What 's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't

then. If your lordship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a day.[1] If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel, but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought by your[2] readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit* ELBOW What 's o'clock, think you?

[1] bay: in f. e. [2] the: in f. e.

Just. Eleven, sir.
Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.
Just. I humbly thank you.
Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there 's no remedy.
Just. Lord Angelo is severe.
Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.
But yet, poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Another room in the Same.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He 's hearing of a cause: he will come straight.
I 'll tell him of you.
Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I 'll know
His pleasure; may be, he will relent. Alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All sects, all ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost?
Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.
Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She 's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.
Ang Hath he a sister?
Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,

And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you the fornicatress be remov'd:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO *and* ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour! [*Offering to go*
Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To* ISAB.] Y' are welcome: what 's your will?
Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what 's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will, and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. [*Aside.*] Heaven give thee moving graces.
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault 's condemn'd ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!
[*Going.*[1]
Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] Give 't not o'er so: to him again intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.
Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do 't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?

[1] *Retiring:* in f. e.

Ang. Look; what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?
Ang. He 's sentenc'd: 't is too late.
Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] Thou art[1] too cold.
Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you, and you as he,[2]
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, begone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, touch him; there 's the vein.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the God[3] of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made!
Ang. Be you content, fair maid.
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.
Isab. To-morrow? O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He 's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven

[1] You are: in f. e. [2] Knight reads:
If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipp'd like him;
But he, &c.
[3] top: in f. e.

With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you?
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There 's many have committed it.
Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, well said.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first one[1] that did th' edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 't is awake;
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But ere[2] they live to end.
Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. [*Aside.*] That 's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder,
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder. Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] f. e.: here. Knight reads—where.

Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] O, to him, to him, wench! He will relent:
He 's coming; I perceive 't.
Prov. [*Aside.*] Pray heaven, she win him!
Isab. You cannot weigh our brother with yourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 't is wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.
Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] Thou 'rt in the right, girl: more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. [*Aside.*] Art avis'd o' that? more on 't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 't is
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [*To her.*] Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me.—Come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark, how I 'll bribe you. Good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How! bribe me? [with you.
Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share
Lucio. [*Aside.*] You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond circles[1] of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] Go to; 't is well: away!
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe! [*Going.*[2]
Ang. [*Aside.*] Amen
For I am that way going to temptation,

[1] shekels: in f. e. [2] Not in f. e.

Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt* Lucio, Isabella, *and Provost.*

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What 's this? what 's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our offals[1] there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.—Even from youth till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in a Prison.

Enter Duke, *as a Friar, and Provost.*

Duke. Hail to you, provost; so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost. What 's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know

[1] evils: in f. e.

The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames[1] of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd—a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
[*To* JULIET.] I have provided for you: stay a while,
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I 'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I 'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'T is meet so, daughter: but least[2] you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame;
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing, we would not serve[3] heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,

[1] Knight, with the old eds., reads: flaws. [2] Most modern eds read: lest [3] spare: in f. e.

That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'T is pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in ANGELO's House.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'T is not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now! who 's there?
Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv*
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making it both unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own path, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Going.*[1]
Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.
Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means,
To make a false one.
Isab. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so? then, I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life, or to redeem him
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?
Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul:
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do 't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

[1] *Retiring:* in f. e

Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, crafty; and that is not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an inshell'd[1] beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me:
To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross.
Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the force[2] of question) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer,
What would you do?
Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I 'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I 've been sick for, ere I 'd yield
My body up to shame.
Ang. Then must
Your brother die.
Isab. And 't were the cheaper way.
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel, as the sentence

[1] enshield: in f. e. [2] loss: in f. e.

That you have slander'd so?
Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.
Isab. O, pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed this[1] weakness.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I think it well;
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold:
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.
Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly, conceive I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for it.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

[1] Knight: thy. The old copies: by. The word in the text was taken from a copy of the first folio, with MS. emendations, belonging to Lord Francis Egerton.

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Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I 'll tell the world
Aloud what man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
May vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I 'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit*
Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof,
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws. I 'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die
More than our brother is our chastity.
I 'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter DUKE, *as a Friar*, CLAUDIO, *and Provost.*

Duke. So then, you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have
No other medicine, but only hope.
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still: thou art not noble,
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: if thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo[1], and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: thou hast nor youth, nor age
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy boasted[2] youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld: and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this,

[1] *A kind of tetter.* [2] blessed: in f. o.

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths, yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.
Claud. I humbly thank you
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die,
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.
Isab. [*Without.*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company! [welcome.
Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a
Enter ISABELLA.
Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.
Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior; here's your sister.
Duke. Provost, a word with you.
Prov. As many as you please.
Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd. [*Exeunt* DUKE *and Provost.*
Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?
Isab. Why, as all
Comforts are: most good, most good, indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger[1]:
Therefore, your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.
Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save a head
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance: a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.
Claud. But in what nature?
Isab In such a one as, you consenting to it,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

[1] *Resident embassador.*

Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. O! I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life would'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect,
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang, as great
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother: there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The priestly[1] Angelo?
Isab. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly garb![2] Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed.
Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.
Isab. O! were it but my life,
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,

[1] f. e. princely; Knight: precise. [2] Collier, f. e.: guards.

When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted[1] spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'t is too horrible.
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.
Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair,
For such a warped slip of wilderness[2]
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

[1] Knight suggests *de*-lighted, that is, *removed from light*. [2] *Wildness, ungrafted.*

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'T is best that thou diest quickly. [*Going*

Claud. O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure: my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To* CLAUDIO.] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore, prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die. Go; to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit* CLAUDIO.

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What 's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit Provost.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good; the goodness that is chief[1] in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder

[1] cheap: in f. e.

at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightcously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; he was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate[1] husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his

[1] *Contracted.*

sake, and he, as marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience: agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy sealed. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me, and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Street before the Prison.

Enter DUKE, *as a Friar; to him* ELBOW, *Clown, and Officers.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.[1]

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'T was never merry world, since, of two usances,[2] the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innoceney, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah: a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 't is to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove———

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

[1] Ital. *bastardo*, a sweet wine made of raisins. [2] usuries: in f. e.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort: I cry, bail. Here 's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha! What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is 't not drown'd i' the last rain? Ha! What say'st thou, troth?[1] Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words, or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha!

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 't is good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence: it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha!

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me, then, sir?

[1] trot: so f. e.

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go; to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, *Clown, and Officers.*

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred: it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes; but it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice: that I know to be true; and he is a motion ingenerative, that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport: he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected[1] for women: he was not inclined that way.

[1] *Suspected.*

Lucio. O, sir! you are deceived.

Duke. 'T is not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'t is a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject[1] held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name.

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O! you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But

[1] *Number of the subjects.*

indeed, I can do you little harm; you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He 's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, *Provost, Bawd, and Officers.*

Escal. Go: away with her to prison!

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time: he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Bawd and Officers.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnished with divines

and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you.

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking, there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens the due of[1] your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother jus-

[1] The words "the due of": not in f. e

tice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself. [well

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* ESCALUS *and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, virtue to go;[1]
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Masking[2] practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply.
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised:
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falschood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room at the moated Grange.

MARIANA *discovered sitting: a Boy singing.*

SONG.

Take, O! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:

[1] and virtue go: in f. e. [2] Making: in f. e

But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.[1]

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit Boy.*

Enter DUKE

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'T is good: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you.—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched[2] gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise upon the heavy[3]
Middle of the night to call upon him.

[1] This song is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's Bloody Brother, Act V., Sc. II., with a second stanza, as follows. It is attributed to Shakespeare in the spurious Ed. of his Poems, printed in 1640

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in icy chains by thee.

[2] *Boarded.* [3] Knight, following the old eds., transfers this word to the beginning of the next line.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'T is well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth.

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid:
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt* MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Duke. O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report
Run with base[1], false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Welcome! How agreed!

Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,

[1] these: in f. e.

"Remember now my brother."

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our field's[1] to sow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir; leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to sir; you weigh equally: a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

[1] tithe 's: m f. e

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clo. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Clown and* ABHORSON.

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour,
When it lies starkly[1] in the traveller's bones:
He will not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go; prepare yourself. But hark! what noise?

[*Knocking within*

[1] *Stiffly.*

Heaven give your spirits comfort!—By and by:—
[*Exit* CLAUDIO.
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve.
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.
Enter DUKE.
Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?
Prov. None, since the curfew rung.
Duke. Not Isabel?
Prov. No.
Duke. There will then, ere 't be long.
Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There 's some in hope
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd[1] with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
[*Knocking within.*
But this being so, he 's just.—Now are they come.—
[*Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. [*Knocking.*
How now? What noise? That spirit 's possessed with haste,
That wounds the resisting[2] postern with these strokes
Re-enter Provost.
Prov. [*Speaking to one at the door.*] There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand: no such example have we.
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

[1] *Mingled.* [2] unsisting: in f. e.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.[1]

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. My lord hath sent you this note; [*giving a paper*] and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin, [*Aside.*

For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority.
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is th' offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] "Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."—What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison?

[1] Knight gives this speech to the *Provost*, and the next to the *Duke*

How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law, than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you: if my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O! death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father: it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing.

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go farther than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir; here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here 's young Mr. Rash; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger,[1] ninescore and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. Caper, at the suit of master Threepile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd

[1] It was a custom of usurers to compel borrowers to take part of the sum advanced to them in goods, often of little real value.

satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dicy, and young Mr. Deep-vow, and Mr Copper-spur, and Mr. Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd Lusty Pudding, and Mr. Forthright the tilter, and brave Mr. Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now in[1] for the Lord's sake.[2]

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Mr. Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, Mr. Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir, the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what 's the news with [you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant 's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night: I am not fitted for 't.

Clo. O! the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] Imprisoned debtors used to beg from the jail windows "for the Lord's sake"

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you.
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word: if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.
[*Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die. O, grovelling beast!'—
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt* ABHORSON *and Clown.*

Prov. Now, sir; how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that heaven provides!
Despatch it presently: the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo. See, this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done.—Put them in secret holds,
Both Barnadine and Claudio;
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting

[1] gravel heart: in f. e.

To yonder[1] generation, you shall find
Your safety manifest.[2]
Prov. I am your free dependant.
Duke. Quick, despatch, and send the head to Angelo
[*Exit Provost*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,
(The provost, he shall bear them) whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home,
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publicly: him I 'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,[3]
We shall proceed with Angelo.
Re-enter Provost.
Prov. Here is the head; I 'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.
Prov. I 'll make all speed. [*Exit.*
Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!
Duke. The tongue of Isabel.—She 's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither;
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.
Enter ISABELLA.
Isab. Ho! by your leave.
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world.
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other. [*Catching her.*[4]
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.
Isab. O! I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Perjurious[5] world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This not hurts him, nor profits you a jot:

[1] yond: in f. e. [2] manifested: in f. e. [3] weal-balanc'd: in f. e [4] Not in f. e. [5] Injurious: in f. e.

Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say to you,[1] which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity.
The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry your eyes:
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom[2] on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to friar Peter give
'T is that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am confined[3] by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter.
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart: trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even.
Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella! I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But, they say, the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived [*Exit* Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for

[1] The words *to you*, not in f. e. [2] *Wish.* [3] combined: in f. e.

Duke. Well, you 'll answer this one day. Fare ye well. [*Going.*

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I 'll go along with thee. I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well. [*Going.*

Lucio. By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we 'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo *and* Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner.
His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven,
His wisdom be not tainted!
And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver
Our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we
Proclaim it an hour before his entering,
That if any crave redress of injustice,
They should exhibit their petitions
In the street?[1]

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter,
Which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn, I 'll call you at your house.
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,
As are to meet him.

[1] Knight and other eds. print this and *Angelo's* former speech in prose.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her: no;
For my authority bears such[1] a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
For so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack! when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Fields without the Town.

Enter DUKE, *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me. [*Giving them.*[2]
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift,
Though sometimes you do blench[3] from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
Unto Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit Peter*

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste.
Come, we will walk: there 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,

[1] of: in f. e. [2] *letters:* in f. e. [3] *Start off.*

That is your part; yet I 'm advis'd to do it,
He says, to 'vailful[1] purpose.
Mari. Be rul'd by him.
Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic,
That 's bitter to sweet end.
Mari. I would, friar Peter—
Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come; I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded:
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA, (*veil'd,*) ISABELLA *and* PETER, *at a distance. Enter at several doors,* DUKE, VARRIUS, *Lords;* ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, *Provost, Officers, and Citizens.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met.—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.
Ang. You make my bonds still greater.
Duke. O! your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,

[1] to veil full purpose: in f e

And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand,
And good supporters are you.

Friar PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

F. Peter. Now is your time. Speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
[*Kneeling.*[1]
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince! dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom? Be brief.
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke! [*Rising.*[2]
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me, here! [*Kneeling again.*[3]

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice! [*Rising.*[4]

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strangely.[5]

Isab. Most strangely, yet[6] most truly, will I speak.
That Angelo 's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a murderer, is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

[1] [2] [3] [4] Not in f. e. [5] strange: in f. e. [6] Most strange, but yet, &c. : in f. e.

Duke. Away with her.—Poor soul!
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.
Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike. 'T is not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.
Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.
Isab. O, gracious duke!
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For incredulity[1]; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.
Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?
Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger.—
Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your grace.
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. That 's he, indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it; and when you have

[1] inequality: in f. e.

A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant 's for yourself: take heed to it
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious, caitiff deputy.
Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it:
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter?—Now proceed.
Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,
(For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely.
Isab. O, that it were as like[1], as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish: next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Then, O! you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up

[1] *Probable.*

In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her.—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him: 't is a meddling friar:
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace,
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This a good friar, belike.
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truth[1], a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously: believe it.

F. Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself,
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo, came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,

[1] trust: in f e.

Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.

[ISABELLA *is carried off guarded; and* MARIANA *comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I 'll be impartial[1]: be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you
Are nothing then: neither, maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband, yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord.
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;

[1] *Im*, that is, *very* partial, a common use of the prefix

And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When, I 'll depose, I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.
Ang. Charges she more than me?
Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. No? you say, your husband
Mari. Why, just my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne 'er knew my body
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.
Ang. This is a strange abuse.—Let 's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once, thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house[1]
In her imagin'd person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more.
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble prince, [*Kneeling.*[2]
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in 's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument.

[1] *Summer-house.* [2] Not in f. e.

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive,
These poor informal[1] women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure —
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that 's gone, think'st thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That 's sealed in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers. [*Exit* DUKE.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it thoroughly.—Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum: honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him. We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: [*To an Attendant.*] I would speak with her. Pray you,

[1] *Senseless.*

my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I 'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly she 'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA: *the* DUKE, *in a Friar's habit, and Provost.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress. [*To* ISABELLA.] Here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here, with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir. Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'T is false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! then let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.—
Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke 's in us, and we will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least.—But O, poor souls!
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke 's unjust,
Thus to reject[1] your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is 't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? And then to glance from him
To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?—
Take him hence; to the rack with him.—We 'll touse you

[1] retort: in f. e

Joint by joint, but we will know your[1] purpose.—
What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke dare[2]
No more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'T is he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman bald-pate; do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him: and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O, thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark how the villain would gloze now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—Away with him to prison.—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison. Lay bolts enough upon him, let him speak no more.—Away with those giglots[2] too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hand on the* DUKE.

Duke. Stay sir; stay a while.

[1] his: in f. e. [2] Knight transfers this word to the beginning of the next line. *Wantons.*

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh! sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour. Will 't not off?

[*Pulling off the* DUKE's *disguise.*[1]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a duke.— [*All start and stand*[2].

First, provost, let me hail these gentle three.—
Sneak not away, sir; [*To* LUCIO.] for the friar and you
Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down. [*To* ESCALUS.

We 'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave.
To ANGELO
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O, my dread lord!
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,

[1] *Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the* DUKE: in f. e Not in f. e.

Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.
Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!
Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash demonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost. O, most kind maid!
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but all peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.
Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and Provost.*
Isab. I do, my lord.
Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake. But, as he adjudg'd your brother
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
Then, Angelo, thy fault 's thus manifested,
Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.—
Away with him.
Mari. O, my most gracious lord!
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.
Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life

And choke your good to come. For his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.
Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Never crave him: we are definitive.
Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*
Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [*To* LUCIO.] to you
Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I 'll lend you all my life to do you service.
Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I 'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd. I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no subjects,
Intents but merely thoughts.
Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit 's unprofitable: stand up, I say.—
[*They rise.*
I have bethought me of another fault.—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

[1] Not in f. e.

Prov. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord: it was by private message
Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me, after more advice;
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.
Duke. What 's he?
Prov. His name is Barnardine.
Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither: let me look upon him.
[*Exit Provost*
Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.
Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.
Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO (*muffled*[1]), *and* JULIET.
Duke. Which is that Barnardine?
Prov. This, my lord.
Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no farther than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemned,
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him:
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow 's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [*Unmuffles him.*
Duke. If he be like your brother, [*To* ISABELLA,]
for his sake,
[CLAUDIO *and* ISABELLA *embrace.*[2]
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,

[2] Not in f. e.

Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this lord Angelo perceives he 's safe:
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon.—
You, sirrah, [*To* Lucio,] that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman:
Wherein have I so well deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman 's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now I made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There 's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
Th' offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,

I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline,
What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace; where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should know.
[*Curtain drawn.*

[1] ***Exeunt:*** in f. e.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

"The Comedie of Errors" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies sixteen pages, viz. from p. 85 to p. 100 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It was reprinted in the three subsequent impressions of the same volume.

INTRODUCTION.

We have distinct evidence of the existence of an old play called "The Historie of Error," which was acted at Hampton Court on new-year's night, 1576–7. The same play, in all probability, was repeated at Windsor on twelfth night, 1582–3, though, in the accounts of the Master of the Revels, it is called "The Historie of Ferrar." Boswell (Mal. Shakesp. III. 406.) not very happily conjectured, that this "Historie of Ferrar" was some piece by George Ferrars, as if it had been named after its author, who had been dead some years: the fact, no doubt, is, that the clerk who prepared the account merely wrote the title by his ear. Thus we see that, shortly before Shakespeare is supposed to have come to London, a play was in course of performance upon which his own "Comedy of Errors" might be founded. "The Historie of Error" was, probably, an early adaptation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, of which a free translation was published in 1595, under the following title:—

"A pleasant and fine Conceited Comædie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus: Chosen purposely from out the rest, as least harmefull, and yet most delightfull. Written in English by W. W.—London, Printed by Tho. Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gratious streete. 1595." 4to.

The title-page, therefore, does not (as we might be led to suppose from Steevens's reprint in the "Six Old Plays") mention the *Menæchmi* by name, but we learn it from the commencement of the piece itself.

Ritson was of opinion, "that Shakespeare was not under the slightest obligation" to the translation of the *Menæchmi*, by W. W., supposed, by Ant. Wood (Ath. Oxon. by Bliss, I. 766.), to be W. Warner; and most likely Ritson was right, not from want of resemblance, but because "The Comedy of Errors" was, in all probability, anterior in point of date, and because Shakespeare may have availed himself of the old drama which, as has been noticed, was performed at court in 1576-7, and in 1582–3. That court-drama, we may infer, had its origin in Plautus; and it was, perhaps, the popularity of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" which induced Creede to print Warner's version of the *Menæchmi* in 1595. There are various points of likeness between Warner's *Menæchmi* and Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors;" but those points

we may suppose to have been derived intermediately through the court-drama, and not directly from Plautus[1]. Sir W. Blackstone entertained the belief, from the "long hobbling verses" in the "Comedy of Errors," that it was "among Shakespeare's more early productions:" this is plausible, but we imagine, from their general dissimilarity to the style of our great dramatist, that these "long hobbling verses" formed a portion of the old court-drama, of which Shakespeare made as much use as answered his purpose: they are quite in the style of plays anterior to the time of Shakespeare, and it is easy to distinguish such portions of the comedy as he must have written.

The earliest notice we have of "The Comedy of Errors," is by Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, where he gives it to Shakespeare under the name of "Errors[2]." How much before that time it had been written and produced on the stage, we can only speculate. Malone refers to a part of the dialogue in Act III. sc. 2, where Dromio of Syracuse is conversing with his master about the "kitchen wench" who insisted upon making love to him, and who was so fat and round—"spherical like a globe"—that Dromio "could find out countries in her:"—

"*Ant. S.* Where France?
Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir."

It is supposed that an equivoque was intended on the word "heir" (which is printed in the folio of 1623 "heire," at that period an unusual way of spelling "hair"), and that Shakespeare alluded to the civil war in France, which began in the middle of 1589, and did not terminate until the close of 1593. This notion seems well-founded, for otherwise there would be no joke in the reply; and it accords pretty exactly with the time when we may believe "The Comedy of Errors" to have been written. But here we have a range of four years and a half, and we can arrive at no nearer approximation to a precise date. As a mere conjecture it may be stated that Shakespeare would not have inserted the allusion to the hostility between France and her "heir," after the war had been so long carried on, that interest in, or attention to it in this country would have been relaxed.

Another question by Antipholus, and the answer of Dromio, immediately preceding what is above quoted, is remarkable on a different account:—

[1] In Act I. and Act II. of "The Comedy of Errors," in the folio of 1623, Antipholus of Syracuse is twice called *Erotes* and *Errotis*, which is conjectured to be a corruption of *erraticus*. Antipholus of Ephesus, in the same way, is once called *Sereptus* (misprinted, perhaps, for *surreptus*); but in the last three acts they are distinguished as "Antipholus of Syracusia," and "Antipholus of Ephesus." The epithets of *erraticus* and *surreptus* were not obtained by Shakespeare from Warner, but possibly from the old court drama.

[2] The list supplied by Meres is of twelve plays; and, if anything is to be gathered from the circumstance, he places "Errors" second, "Gentlemen of Verona" coming before it

"*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?
Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand."

"From this passage," (says Malone) "we may learn that this comedy was not revived after the accession of the Scottish monarch to the English throne; otherwise it would probably have been struck out by the Master of the Revels." However, we are now certain (a curious fact hitherto unknown), that "The Comedy of Errors" was represented at Whitehall on the 28th December, 1604. In the account of the Master of the Revels of the expenses of his department, from the end of October 1604, to Shrove Tuesday, 1605, preserved in the Audit Office, we read the subsequent entry:—
"By his Maties Plaiers. On Inosents Night, the plaie of Errors," the name of Shaxberd, or Shakespeare, being inserted in the margin as "the Poet which mayd the Plaie." "The Comedy of Errors" was, therefore, not only "revived," but represented at court very soon after James I. came to the crown: we may be confident, however, that the question and answer respecting Scotland were not repeated on the occasion, though retained in the MS. used by the actor-editors for the folio of 1623.

In his Lectures on Shakespeare in 1818, Coleridge passed over "The Comedy of Errors" without any particular or separate observation; but in his "Literary Remains" we find it twice mentioned (vol. ii. 90 and 114), in much the same terms. "Shakespeare," he observes, "has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce, in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable; it is enough that it is possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost undistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturæ*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus.
Ægeon, a Merchant of Syracuse.
Antipholus of Ephesus, } Twin Brothers, Sons to
Antipholus of Syracuse, } Ægeon and Æmilia.
Dromio of Ephesus, } Twin Brothers, Attendants
Dromio of Syracuse, } on the two Antipholuses.
Balthazar, a Merchant.
Angelo, a Goldsmith.
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse
Pinch, a Schoolmaster.

Æmilia, Wife to Ægeon.
Adriana, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
Luciana, her sister.
Luce, Servant to Adriana.
A Courtezan.

Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: Ephesus.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Solinus, *Duke of Ephesus*, Ægeon, *a Merchant of Syracusa*, *Jailor*, *Officers*, *and other Attendants*.

Æge. Procced, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more.
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies;
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian; say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home,

And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by fortune[1], not by vile offence,
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy: our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum: till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon we came aboard![2]
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gently[3] have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,

[1] nature: in f. e. [2] Malone makes a separate line of the last three words. [3] *gladly*.

That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means were none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wish'd light
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us;
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ægeon. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock,
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this unjust divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seized on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests:
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,

And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
And by misfortune was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant (so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the quest of him;
Whom whilst he[1] labour'd of all love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia;
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy hope[2] by beneficial help.
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.—
Jailor, now[3] take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt*

[1] I laboured of a: in f. e. [2] help: in f. e. [3] Not in f. e.

SCENE II.—A public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Syracuse, and a Merchant.*

Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep

Ant. S. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till then, I 'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.
[*Exit*,[1] *shaking money-bag.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon[2] at five o'clock,
Please you, I 'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,

[1] The rest of this direction is not in f. e. [2] *About five o'clock*

Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.
Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*
Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?
Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late.
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,
Are penitent[1] for your default to-day.
Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir. Tell me this, I pray
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
Dro. E. O! sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper.
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.
Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now.
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post[2] indeed.
For she will score your fault upon my pate.[3]
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come; these jests are out of season:
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come on sir knave; have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

[1] *Doing penance.* [2] It was a custom to mark the score of a shop on a post. [3] cook: in f. e.

Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner.
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you would not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner.
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Strikes him.*

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands.
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit running.*[1]

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught[2] of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like libertines of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear, my money is not safe.

[*Exit*

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *Over-reached.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A public Place.

Enter ADRIANA, *wife to* ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus, and* LUCIANA, *her sister.*

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master?
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O! know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then, let your will attend on their accords.
Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee

With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me;
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience[1] in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—
Here comes your man: now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay; he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubly,[2] thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubly, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'T is dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold, quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I; hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress: out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress.
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

[1] An allusion to the custom of soliciting the management of the estate of a fool [2] *Doubtfully.*

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating.
Between you I shall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.
Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[*Exit.*
Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!
Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That 's not my fault; he 's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then, is he the ground
Of my defeatures[1]. My decayed fair[2]
A sunny look of his would soon repair;
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.[3]
Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie! beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage other where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain:
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel best enamelled[4]
Will lose his beauty: yet though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, and often touching will
Wear gold; and no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Ex'nt*

[1] *Uncomeliness.* [2] *Fairness.* [3] His pretended wife—the stalking horse, behind which sportsmen formerly shot, was so called. [4] This and the two following lines are struck out by the MS. emendator of the folio of 1632—where the two succeeding lines of the text, in the first folio of 1623, are also omitted

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein.
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave

battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce[1] it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then wherefore,—for urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something, that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I 'll make you amends next, and give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what 's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there 's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let 's hear it.

Dro. S. There 's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

[1] Sconce means a small fortification, as well as head; hence, insconce, *to fortify*.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there 's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant S Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers, without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming[1]; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir: namely, e'en no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 't would be a bald conclusion. But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.

[1] tyring: in f. e.; an alteration by Pope, of *trying*, in old ed.

How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed,
I live unstain'd,[1] thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc Fie, brother: how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

[1] dissta.ned: the emendation in the text was suggested by Warburton

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?
Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
Ant. S. To me she speaks; she means[1] me for her theme!
What, was I married to her in my dream,
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error draws[2] our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I 'll entertain the proffer'd[3] fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O, spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elves and sprites.[4]
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?
Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape

[1] moves: in f. e. [2] *Drives.* [3] offered: in f. e. The old edition read freed. [4] elvish sprites; in f. e.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 't is to an ass.
Dro. S. 'T is true; she rides me, and I long for grass
'T is so, I am an ass: else it could never be,
But I should know her, as well as she knows me.
Adr Come, come; no longer will I be a fool,
To pu the finger in my eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—
Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.—
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, Sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?
I 'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist, at all adventures, go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, and let none enter, lest I break your pate
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late.
[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus*, DROMIO *of Ephesus*, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us.
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours,
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carkanet[1],
And that to-morrow you will bring it home;
But here 's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunkard, thou, what did'st thou mean by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir; but I know what
know.

[1] *Necklace.*

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show;
If my[1] skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you for certain[2] what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: pray God, our cheer
May answer my good-will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar! either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common, for that 's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Gin! [*Calling.*

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome,[3] malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch![4]
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.

[1] the: in f. e. [2] These two words not in f. e. [3] μωμος, *mummer, a silent performer, blockhead, who has nothing to say.* [4] *One patched up, a pretender.*

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir: I 'll tell you when, an you 'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not, come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir; and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name:

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for a face.[1]

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there, Dromio: who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late,
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that 's,—when? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I trow?[2]

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So; come, help! well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the doo down.

[1] an ass: in f. e. [2] hope: in f. e.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave? go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part[1] with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master: bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.[2]

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something: I 'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I 'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou want'st breaking. Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here 's too much out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I 'll break in. Go, borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? master, mean you so?

[1] *Depart.* [2] In the same sense as our slang phrase, *sold.*

For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone: fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O let it not be so:
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,[1]—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you
Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common route,
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet too, gentle;
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife (but I protest, without desert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 't is made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;[2]
For there 's the house. That chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.

[1] *Once for all let me tell you this.* [2] All the old eds. have *Porpentine*, which Dyce would retain, as a distinct form of the word used by many old writers.

Ang. I 'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter LUCIANA, *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot,
A husband's office? Shall unkind debate[1]
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth:
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint:
Be secret-false; what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'T is double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit,[2] that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve,
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again:
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.
'T is holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)
Less in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,

[1] i. e. have *Antipholus*, in place of the last two words. [2] *Full of credulity.*

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I 'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more, to you do I incline.[1]
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I 'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:
Let Love,[2] being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What! are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;[3] how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That 's my sister.

Ant. S. No.

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I 'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Exit*

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse, running.*[4]

decline: in f. e. [2] Shakespeare often speaks of love as feminine
[3] *Made senseless.* [4] *hastily:* in f. e.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass; I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence.[1] I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Polar winter: if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of.[2]

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why? she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir; 't is in grain: Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What 's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name is three quarters, that is, an ell; and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip.

[1] *Salvâ reverentiâ*, save reverence. [2] This and the following passages, to and including, "I did not look so low," are struck out by the MS. emendator.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness, hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.[1]

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O! sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O! sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her: told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently post to the road,
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.

[1] An allusion to the war of the League—the people were "making war," after the assassination of Henry III. in 1589, against the heir Henry IV.

If every one knows us, and we know none,
'T is time, I think, to trudge, pack, and begone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife.

[*Exit.*

Ant. S. There 's none but witches do inhabit here,
And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that 's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo! here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine;
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir? I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well.

[*Exit*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away.

[*Exit*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an Officer*.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore, make present satisfaction,
Or I 'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing[1] to me by Antipholus;
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus, and* DROMIO *of Ephesus, from the Courtezan's.*[2]

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end, that will I bestow
Among my wife and these[3] confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a-year? I buy a rope? [*Exit.*

Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promis'd me your presence, and the chain,
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me.
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here 's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.

[1] *Accruing.* [2] Knight omits the last three words. [3] their: in f

Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.
Ang. Then, you will bring the chain to her yourself?
Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.
Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have.
Or else you may return without your money.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
Ant. E. Good lord! you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
Mer. The hour steals on: I pray you, sir, dispatch.
Ang. You hear, how he importunes me: the chain—
Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Ang. Come, come; you know, I gave it you even now
Either send the chain, or send by me[1] some token.
Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say, whe'r you 'll answer me, or no?
If not, I 'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?
Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do, and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay for[2] that I never had?

[1] me by: in f. e. [2] thee: in f. e

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
Ang. Here is thy fee: arrest him, officer.—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, sir. You hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear,
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim: the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
Ant. E. How now? a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.
Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon.
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats: let her send it.
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant,* ANGELO, *Officer, and* ANT. E

Dro. S. To Adriana? that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit*

[1] *Silly.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah! Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale? or sad, or merry?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant, he did me none: the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still:
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical[1] in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse, running.*

Dro. S. Here, go: the desk! the purse! swift[2], now make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he 's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment[3] hath him fell[4],

[1] *Disfigured.* [2] sweet: in f. e. [3] *Serjeants wore buff.* [4] Not in f e

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
Who knows no touch of mercy, cannot feel[1];
A fiend, a fury[2], pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages and alleys, creeks and narrow lands:
A hound that runs counter,[3] and yet draws dry-foot well;[4]
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell[5].

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he 's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption? the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at;
[*Exit* LUCIANA.
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band[6]?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring!

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell. 'T is time that I were gone
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes; if any hour meet a serjeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he 's worth, to season.
Nay, he 's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back any hour in a day?

[1] This line is not in f. e. [2] The old copies have *fairy;* Theobald suggested the change made by the MS. emendator. [3] An allusion to his taking persons arrested to the Counter prison. [4] A hunting phrase, meaning *to hunt by the scent of the animal's foot.* [5] This was the name of a place of confinement under the Exchequer chamber, for the debtors of the crown. [6] *Bond.*

Re-enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio: there 's the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit,
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse, wearing the chain.*

Ant. S. There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Master, here 's the gold you sent me for. What have you got[1] the picture of old Adam new apparell'd[2]?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal: he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 't is a plain case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather: the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them: he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.[3]

Ant. S. What, thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"

[1] *What have you done with.* [2] A reference to the serjeant's suit of buff. [3] *A Moorish pike*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions.
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, "God damn me," that 's as much as to say, "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? we 'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid, thou[1] fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promised,
And I 'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone;

[1] then: in *f. e.*

But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.
Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.
Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.
Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt* ANT. and DRO.
Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus, and a Jailor.*

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I 'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger:
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man: I think he brings the money.—
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?
Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all
Ant. E. But where 's the money?
Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.
Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?
Dro. E. I 'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Jail. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 't is for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Jail. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir; that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed: you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along: my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the Courtezan, and a Schoolmaster called* PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*,[1] respect your end: or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, "beware the rope's end."

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

[1] In Ulpian Fulwell's First Parte of the Eighth Liberal Science, 1579, these words occur, and are translated in a marginal note, "All 's well that ends well." Shakespeare may have borrowed both a phrase and a title from this work.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!
Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!
Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.
Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.
Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.
Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.
Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!
Ant. E. You minion, you; are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?
Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home;
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!
Ant. E. Din'd at home? Thou, villain, what say'st thou?
Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home
Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?
Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.
Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?
Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.
Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.
Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. E. In verity, you did:—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the rigour[1] of his rage.
Adr. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?
Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
Dro E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;

[1] vigour: in f. e.

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.
Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats!
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.
Dro. E. God and the rope-maker now[1] bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possessed:
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in both.
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome, abject scorn of me;
But with these nails I 'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.
Enter three or four, and bind ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO.
Adr. O bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company!—the fiend is strong within him.
Luc. Ah me! poor man, how pale and wan he looks.
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou jailor, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Jail. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Jail. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

[1] Not in f. e.

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O, most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O, most unhappy strumpet!
Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master;
Cry, the devil.—
Luc. God help, poor souls! how idly do they talk.
Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—
[*Exeunt* PINCH *and assistants with* ANT. *and* DRO.
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?
Jail. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?
Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Jail. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Jail. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.
Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*
Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords. Let's call more help,
To have them bound again
Jail. Away! they 'll kill us.
[*Exeunt* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and Jailor.*
Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff[1] from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely

[1] *Baggage.*

do us no harm; you saw they spake us fair, gave us gold. Methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before an Abbey.

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir;
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Ang. 'T is so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near with me, I 'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.
This chain, you had of me: can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had: I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 't is pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I 'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [*They draw*
Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *Courtezan, and Others.*
Adr. Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.—
Some get within him[1]; take his sword away.
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house:
This is some priory:—in, or we are spoil'd.
[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *to the Abbey.*
Enter the Lady Abbess.
Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference.
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

[1] *Close with him*

In company, I often glanc'd at[1] it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hind'red by thy railing,
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred:
And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abb. No; not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth
Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in essaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness; for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself,
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again.
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me

[1] Not in f. e.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit Abbess.*
Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
Adr Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I 'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and solemn[1] execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Ang. See, where they come: we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.
Enter DUKE *attended; ÆGEON bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.*
Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,
Whom I made lord of me, and all I had,
At your important[2] letters, this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.

[1] depth and sorry: in f. e. [2] *Importunate.*

Anon, I wot not by what strange[1] escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress! shift and save yourself.
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,[2] and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool;[3]
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.

[*Cry within*

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with ha'berds!

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,

[1] strong: in f. e [2] *One after the other.* [3] It was the custom to cut the hair of fools in a peculiar fashion.

That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke! O! grant me justice,
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars and took
Deep scars to save thy live; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio!

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury.
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots[1] feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befal my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth.

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,

[1] This word originally meant *hireling*, and was applied to either sex.

I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates: along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry, lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 't were, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then, altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
They[1] left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames, and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.

[1] There: in f. e.

I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And[1] this is false you burden me withal.
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?
Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her, there, at the Porcupine.
Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
Ant. E. 'T is true, my liege; this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbess hither.—
I think you are all mated, or stark mad.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.
Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus,
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir;
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.
Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?
Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.
Æge. O! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. E. Neither.
Æge. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
Æge. I am sure thou dost.
Dro. E. Ay, sir; but I am sure I do not; and what-

[1] Dyce reads, "as," and puts a period after "chain."

soever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice? O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd my voice, split[1] my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull, deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted. But, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see them.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me!

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That had a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

[1] crack'd and splitted: in f. e.

And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.
These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides his urging of his wreck at sea;—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.
Ant. S. No, sir, not I: I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart: I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see, and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me
Ant. S. I think it be, sir: I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir: I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.
I see, we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors all[1] arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need: thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffered wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I been gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and at[2] this present hour
My heavy burdens are delivered.—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me:
After so long grief such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart: I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan, Merchant,* Angelo, *and Attendants.*

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarked?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me.—I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon.
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* Ant. S. *and* E., Adr., *and* Luc.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

[1] are: in f. e. [2] till: in f. e.

Dro. E. That 's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We 'll draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now, let 's go hand in hand, not one before another.

Exeunt.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare.—London Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600." 4to. 36 leaves.

It is also printed in the division of "Comedies" in the folio 1623, where it occupies twenty-one pages, viz., from p. 101, to p. 121, inclusive. It was reprinted in the other folios.

INTRODUCTION.

We have no information respecting "Much Ado about Nothing" anterior to the appearance of the 4to. edition in 1600, excepting that it was entered for publication on the books of the Stationers' Company, on the 23d of August in that year, in the following manner:—

"23 Aug. 1600.

And. Wise Wm. Aspley] Two books, the one called Muche adoe about Nothinge, and the other The Second Parte of the History of King Henry the iiiith, with the Humors of Sir John Fallstaff: wrytten by Mr. Shakespeare."

There is another memorandum in the same register, bearing date on the "4th August," without the year, which runs in these terms:—"As you like yt, a book. Henry the ffift, a book. Every man in his humor, a book. The Comedie of Much Adoe about Nothinge, a book." Opposite the titles of these plays are added the words, "to be staied." This last entry, there is little doubt, belongs to the year 1600, for such is the date immediately preceding it; and, as Malone observes, the clerk seeing 1600 just above his pen, when he inserted the notice for staying the publication of "Much Ado about Nothing" and the two other plays, did not think it necessary to repeat the figures. The caveat of the 4th August against the publication had most likely been withdrawn by the 23rd of the same month. The object of the "stay" was probably to prevent the publication of "Henry V.," "Every Man in his Humour," and "Much Ado about Nothing," by any other booksellers than Wise and Aspley.

The 4to. of "Much Ado about Nothing," which came out in 1600, (and we know of no other impression in that form) is a well-printed work for the time, and the type is unusually good. It contains no hint from which we can at all distinctly infer the date of its composition[1], but Malone supposed that it was written early in the year in which it came from the press. Considering, however, that the comedy would have to be got up, acted, and become popular, before it was published, or entered for publication, the time of its composition by Shakespeare may reasonably be carried back as far as the

[1] Chalmers (Suppl. Apol. 381.) conjectures that when Beatrice says, "Yes, you had musty victuals, and he hath holp to eat it," Shakespeare meant a sarcasm upon the manner in which the army under the Earl of Essex had been supplied with bad provisions during the Irish campaign. Most readers will consider this an overstrained speculation, although, in point of date, it accords pretty accurately with the time when "Much Ado about Nothing" may have been written.

autumn of 1599. That it was popular, we can hardly doubt; and the extracts from the Stationers' Registers seem to show that apprehensions were felt, lest rival booksellers should procure it to be printed.

It is not included by Meres in the list he furnishes in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; and "England's Parnassus," 1600, contains no quotation from it. If any conclusion could be drawn from this fact, it might be, that it was written subsequent to the appearance of one work, and prior to the publication of the other. Respecting an early performance of it at Court, Steevens supplies us with the subsequent information: —"'Much Ado about Nothing' (as I understand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly passed under the title of 'Benedick and Beatrix.' Heminge, the player, received on the 20th May, 1613, the sum of £40, and £20 more as his Majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton Court, among which was this comedy." The change of title, if indeed it were made, could only have been temporary. The divisions of Acts (Scenes are not marked) were first made in the folio of 1623. The adaptation of "Much Ado about Nothing," coupled with the chief incidents of another of Shakespeare's dramas, (see the "Introduction" to "Measure for Measure,") by Sir William Davenant, was first printed in the edition of his works in 1673.

The serious portion of the plot of "Much Ado about Nothing," which relates to Hero, Claudio, and "John the Bastard," is extremely similar to the story of Ariodante and Geneura, in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," B. v. It was separately versified in English by Peter Beverley, in imitation of Arthur Brooke's Romeus and Juliet," 1562, and of Bernard Garter's "Two English Lovers," 1563; and it was printed by Thomas East, without date, two or three years after those poems had appeared. It was licensed for the press in 1565; and Warton informs us (Hist. Engl. Poetry, iv. 310, edit. 1824) that it was reprinted in 1600, the year in which "Much Ado about Nothing" came from the press. This fact is important, because either Shakespeare's attention might be directed to the story by the circumstance, or (which seems more probable) Beverley's poem might then be republished, in consequence of its connexion in point of story with Shakespeare's comedy.

Sir John Harington's translation of the whole "Orlando Furioso" was originally published in 1591, but there is no special indication in "Much Ado about Nothing" that Shakespeare availed himself of it. In a note at the end of the canto occupied by Ariodante and Geneura, Sir John Harington added this sentence:—"Howsoever it was, surely the tale is a pretty comical matter, and hath been written in English verse some few years past (learnedly and with good grace), though in verse of another kind by M. George Turbervil." If this note be correct, and Harington did not confound Turberville with Beverley, the translation by the former has been lost. Spenser's version of the same incidents, for they are evidently borrowed from Ariosto, in B. II. c. 4, of his

"Faerie Queene," was printed in 1590; but Shakespeare is not to be traced to this source. In Ariosto and in Spenser the rival of Ariodante has himself the interview with the female attendant on Geneura; while in Shakespeare "John the Bastard" employs a creature of his own for the purpose. Shakespeare's plot may, therefore, have had an entirely different origin, possibly some translation, not now extant, of Bandello's twenty-second novel, in vol. i. of the Lucca edition, 4to. 1554, which is entitled, "Como il S. Timbreo di Cardona, essendo col Re Piero d'Aragona in Messina, s'innamora di Fenicia Lionata; e i varii fortunevoli accidenti, che avvennero prima che per moglie la prendesse." It is rendered the more likely that Shakespeare employed a lost version of this novel by the circumstance, that in Italian the incident in which she, who may be called the false Hero, is concerned, is conducted much in the same way as in Shakespeare. Moreover, Bandello lays his scene in Messina; the father of the lady is named Lionato; and Don Pedro, or Piero, of Arragon, is the friend of the lover who is duped by his rival.

Nobody has observed upon the important fact, in connexion with "Much Ado about Nothing," that a "History of Ariodante and Genenora" was played before Queen Elizabeth, by "Mulcaster's children," in 1582–3. How far Shakespeare might be indebted to this production we cannot at all determine; but it is certain that the serious incidents he employed in his comedy had at an early date formed the subject of a dramatic representation[1].

In the ensuing text the 4to, 1600, has been followed, with due notice of any variations in the folio of 1623. The first impression contains several passages not inserted in the reprint (for such it undoubtedly was) under the care of Heminge and Condell, and the text of the 4to is to be preferred in nearly all instances of variation.

[1] Thomas Jordan's "Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie," 8vo, 1664, contains an ill-written ballad, called "The Revolution, a love-story,' founded upon the serious portion of "Much Ado about Nothing."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon.
John, his bastard Brother.
Claudio, a young Lord of Florence.
Benedick, a young Lord of Padua.
Leonato, Governor of Messina.
Antonio, his Brother.
Balthazar, Servant to Don Pedro.
Borachio, Conrade, } followers of John.
Dogberry, Verges, } two Officers.
Friar Francis.
A Gentleman.
A Sexton.
A Boy.

Hero, Daughter to Leonato.
Beatrice, Niece to Leonato.
Margaret, Ursula, } Gentlewomen attending on Hero.

Watchmen, and attendants, &c.

SCENE, Messina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, *and others, with a Gentleman.*[1]

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Aragon comes this night to Messina.

Gent.[2] He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Gent. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Gent. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle, here in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Gent. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Gent. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so washed; how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

[1] *Messenger*: in f. e. [2] Throughout the Scene: *Mess.*: in f. e.

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto[1] returned from the wars, or no?

Gent. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Gent. O! he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight[2]; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt[3].—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he 'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Gent. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Gent. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

Gent. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed[4] with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuffed man; but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there 's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits[5] went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference[6] between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

[1] *A term of the fencing-school.* [2] *A long and light-feathered arrow*, used for objects at a distance. [3] *A short and thick arrow*, for near aim. [4] *Stored.* [5] Chaucer uses the five *wits* for the five *senses*. A similar enumeration, referred to in the text, was made of the intellectual powers. [6] In heraldry, a *distinction*.

Gent. Is 't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Gent. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.[1]

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer[2] now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Gent. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Gent. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Gent. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don PEDRO, JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, *and others.*

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, are you[3] come to meet your trouble? the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain, but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man.—Truly, the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

[1] This phrase is derived, says Knight, from books of credit
[2] *Quarreler.* [3] The old copies read: you are

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick: no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat. But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind; so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That[1] is the sum of all.—Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace, lead on?

[1] Old cop.: This

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato: we will go together.
[*Exeunt all but* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, 'i faith, methinks she 's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest, I am in sport: I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go[1] in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter; there 's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

[1] *Join*

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With whom?—now that is your grace's part. —Mark, how short the answer is:—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 't was not so;[1] but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat[2] winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick[3], all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do

[1] An old tale, resembling in its horrors and incidents that of Blue Beard, and containing a frequent repetition of the passage in the text, is given in Boswell's ed. of Malone, and in Knight. [2] *A recall.* [3] *Belt.*

them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that first[1] hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.[2]

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."[3]

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign,—"Here you may see Benedick the married man."

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: from my house, if I had it.—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your

[1] The word "first": not in f. e. [2] Shooting at a cat in a bottle was an old popular sport; Adam, probably, alludes to Adam Bell, the famous archer of the Robin Hood fraternity. [3] Quoted from Act II of Kyd's Spanish Tragedy; the play is in Dodsley's Col

discourse is sometime guarded[1] with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends[2] any farther, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she 's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O! my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand,
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars—[3]

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her.[4] Was 't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest ground[5] is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

[1] *Trimmed.* [2] The formal conclusions of old letters, often ending in the words used by Don Pedro. [3] The *dash*, implying the interruption of a narrative, is an addition by Collier. [4] This passage, from "with her," is from the quarto ed. 1600. [5] grant: in f. e.

And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force,
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—A Room in LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange[1] news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus[2] much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece, your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no: we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O! I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Room in LEONATO's House.

Enter JOHN *and* CONRADE.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it,[3] therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

[1] [2] Only in the quarto, 1600 [3] Not in f o

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea; but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have, till[1] of late, stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true[2] root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he, for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

[1] This word not in f. e [2] Only in quarto.

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty-room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

John. Come, come; let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what 's to be done?

Bora. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, *and others.*

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks: I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then, half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face.—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if a' could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant In faith, she 's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man I am not for him: therefore, I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here 's no place for you maids:" so, deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens: he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, I trust, you will be ruled by your father. [*To Hero.*

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you:" but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal

than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I 'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important,[1] tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer: for, hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly, modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink a-pace[2] into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother. Make good room!

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and maskers.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.[3]

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

[1] *Importunate.* [2] This word not in f. e. [3] An allusion to the story of Baucis and Philemon, in Ovid.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg God match me with a good dancer!

Bene. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Bene. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough: you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here 's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come: do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there 's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred merry Tales."[1]—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What 's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool, only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy, for he both pleases men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him. I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me

[1] A popular jest-book, of which only a fragment is extant. It was reprinted in 1835, after its discovery.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I 'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he 'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there 's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then, exeunt all but* JOHN, BORACHIO, *and* CLAUDIO.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well: I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* JOHN *and* BORACHIO

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'T is certain so:—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent, for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, then[1], Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

[1] therefore: in f. e.

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain,[1] or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that 's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me. [*Angrily.*[2]

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the post

Claud. If it will not be, I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.——But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I 'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where 's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good[3] will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up[4] a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What 's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss. The rod had been

[1] A *gold chain*, a common ornament of the wealthy. [2] Not in f. e
[3] [4] From the quarto.

made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you the gentleman, that danced with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you

Bene. O! she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such importable[1] conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poignards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had lent[2] him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither, so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of[3] the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. Have you no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

[1] impossible: in f. e. [2] left: in f. e. [3] The old copies have "off."

Bene. O God, sir, here 's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count, civil as an orange, and something of as jealous a complexion.[1]

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I 'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and, his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 't is your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord! for alliance thus goes every one

[1] of that jealous complexion: in f. e.

to the world[1] but I, and I am sun-burned: I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day.—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit* BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There 's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O! by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O lord! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer our[2] mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall

[1] i. e., *gets married.* [2] In f. e. my; some eds. read "answer mind."

not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours, which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watching.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain[1], of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter John *and* Borachio.

John. It is so: the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favor of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window

[1] *Lineage.*

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince, your brother: spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, (as in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,) that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio[1]; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding: for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming proofs[2] of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick, *a Boy following*[3].

Bene. Boy!

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

[1] Claudio: in f. e. [2] truth: in f. e. [3] *with a Boy:* in f e

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; [*Exit Boy.*] but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Retires behind the trees*[1].

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the hid[2]-fox with a penny-worth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, *with Musicians.*[3]

D. Pedro Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again

Balth. O! good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,

[1] *Withdraws:* in f. e. [2] kid: in f. e. [3] *with Music:* in f. e

To put a strange face on his own perfection.—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos,
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;
There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note notes, forsooth, and nothing! [*Music.*

Bene. [*Behind.*][1] Now, divine air! now is his soul ravish'd!—Is it not strange, that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all 's done.

THE SONG.

Balth. *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,*
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Or[2] *dumps so dull and heavy;*
The frauds of men were[3] *ever so,*
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no, no: faith, thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Behind.*][4] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as

[1] *Aside:* in f. e. [2] *Of:* in f. e [3] *fraud of men was:* in f. e [4] *Aside:* in f. e.

lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music, for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt* BALTHAZAR *and Musicians.*] Come hither, Leonato: what was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. [*Aside to Pedro.*] O! ay:—stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [*Aloud.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither: but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. [*Behind.*][1] Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection: it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. [*Aside.*] Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you! You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord, ; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Behind.*][2] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. [*Aside.*] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

[1] [2] *Aside:* in f. e.

Leon. No, and swears she never will: that 's her torment.

Claud. 'T is true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leon. This says she, now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she 'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper full.[1]—My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheets?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her:—"I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, cries[2];—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

Leon. She doth indeed: my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms-deed[3] to hang him. She 's an excellent sweet lady, and out of all suspicion she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O! my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd[4] all other respects, and made

[1] Not in f. e. [2] curses: in f. e. [3] a`ms: in f e. [4] *Doff'd.*

her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 't is very possible he 'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say[1] he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most[2] Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that 's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. [*Aside.*] If he do not dote upon her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. [*Aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for her: and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one

[1] Quarto reads "see." [2] From the quarto.

an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that 's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

Bene. [*Advancing from the Arbour.*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly[1] borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry.—I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 't is a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 't is so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his age, that he cannot endure in his youth. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she 's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message!

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and not[2] choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner"—there 's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took

[1] *Gravely.* [2] Not in f e.

pains to thank me"—that 's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain: if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing[1] with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her: say, that thou overheards't us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.—There will she hide her,
To listen our purpose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I 'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin:

Enter Beatrice, *stealing in behind.*[2]

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:

[1] *Conversing.* [2] *Enter* Beatrice, *behind:* in f. e

So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; [*Aloud.*[1]
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards[2] of the rock.
Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord
Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man;
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
Urs. Sure, I think so;
And, therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,
She 'd swear the gentleman should be her sister:
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds:
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *Wild hawks.*

And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air: O! she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore, let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I 'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O! do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report, through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, in a day[1];—to-morrow. Come, go in:
I 'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. [*Aside.*] She 's lim'd, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

Hero. [*Aside.*] If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt* HERO *and* URSULA.

Beat. [*Advancing.*] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

[1] every day: in f. e.

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn, so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives but in the lack[1] of such.
And, Benedick, love on: I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A Room in LEONATO's House.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay; that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love. If he be sad he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the tooth-ache!

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises;

[1] behink the back: in f. e.

as to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow,[1] or in the shape of two countries at once; as a German from the waist downward, all slops[2], and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That 's as much as to say, the sweet youth 's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lutestring, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude[3], he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and in despite of all dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.—Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'T is even so. Hero and Margaret have by

[1] The remainder of the sentence to the period, is from the quarto
[2] *loose breeches.* [3] from the quarto

this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter JOHN.

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

John. [*To* CLAUDIO.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she has been too long a talking of) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say, she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till farther warrant; go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night, why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight[1], and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES, *with the Watch.*

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal, for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore, bear you the lantern. This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How, if a' will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him

[1] from the quarto: the folios read "night."

go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How, if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear it?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'T is very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door: for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [*Behind and aside.*[1]] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man: I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

[1] *Aside:* in f. e.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool 's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year: a' goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No: 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy[1] painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art thou not thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither; but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night. —I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they[2] Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret, and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next

[1] *Smoked.* [2] From the quarto; the folios, "thy."

morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* [*Coming forward.*[1]] We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery, that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them: I know him, a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters!

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 *Watch.* Never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit* Ursula.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O! that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls down the sleeves, side sleeves,[2] and skirts round, under-borne with a bluish tinsel;

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *Long, full sleeves.*

but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'T will be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I 'll offend no body. Is there any harm in it—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy: ask my lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morning, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—"Light o' love;"[1] that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I 'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, "Light o' love," with your heels!—then, if your husband have stables enough, you 'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O, illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin: 't is time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill.—Heigh ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.[2]

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there 's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

[1] A popular old tune, mentioned also in Two Gentlemen of Verona A play upon he similarity of sound between H and *ache*.

Marg A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled carduus benedictus,[1] and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why benedictus? you have some moral in this benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted, I know not, but, methinks, you look with your eyes, as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another Room in LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

[1] *Blessed thistle:* "so worthily named," says Cogan's Haven of Health 1589, 'for the singular virtues that it hath."

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me? ha!

Dogb. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 't is; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God 's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i' faith, sir: by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but, God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it

me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I 'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and Messenger.*

Dogb. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here 's that shall drive some of them to a *non com:* only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The inside of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, JOHN, LEONATO, *Friar,* CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her; friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer; none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do,[1] not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he![2]

Claud. Stand thee by, Friar.—Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato; take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She 's but the sign and semblance of her honour.—
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,——

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You 'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy[3] seeming! I will write against it,

[1] The rest of the speech is from the quarto. [2] A quotation from the Accidence. [3] thee: in f. e. The change was suggested also by Pope

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That range[1] in savage sensuality.
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wild?[2]
Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?
D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True? O God!
Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do so[3], as thou art my child.
Hero. O God, defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero:
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

[1] rage: in f. e [2] wide: in f. e [3] From the quarto.

John. Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thou pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[HERO *swoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.
[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, JOHN, *and* CLAUDIO.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think:—help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand:
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the hazard[1] of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frown[2]?

[1] rearward: in f. e. [2] frame: in f. e.

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?"
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O! she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her soul-tainted[1] flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd? O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence! from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this cross[2] of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness, beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observation,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverend calling[3], nor divinity,

[1] foul-tainted: in f. e. [2] course: in f. e. [3] reverence, calling: in f. e.

If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some blighting[1] error.
Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury: she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?
Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know, that do accuse me: I know none
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O, my father!
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.
Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in fraud and[2] villainies.
Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her honour
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a cause[3],
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter, here, the princes[4] left for dead,
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites

[1] biting: in f. e. [2] frame of: in f. e. [3] kind: in f. e. [4] princess: in quarto.

That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd
Of every hearer; for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lost and lack'd[1],
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us,
Whiles it was ours.—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver)
And wish he had not so accus'd her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,

[1] lack'd and lost: in f. o.

The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'T is well consented: presently away,
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience, and
endure. [*Exeunt Friar*, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not: I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here:—there is no

love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy.

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying.

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesy, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that 's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down Borachio.——Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yes, sir, we hope.[1]

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first: for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah: a word in your ear, sir: I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable. you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that 's the eftest[2] way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

This speech, and half of the one following, to the word "Masters," is from the quarto. [2] *Readiest:* in f. o

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be bound.

Bora. Hands off, coxcomb![1]

Dogb. God 's my life! where 's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet.

Con. Away! you are an ass; you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O, that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough,

[1] in f e: *Verg.* Let them be in the hands—*Con.* Off! coxcomb!

go to; and a fellow that hath had leases[1]; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine:
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak to me[2] of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Call sorrow joy;[3] cry hem, when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters;[4] bring him you to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,

[1] losses: in f. e. [2] The words "to me": not in f. e. [3] And sorrow, wag! in f. e. [4] Ben Jonson calls a book-worm, a candle waster. This would make the text mean, pedantic speeches.

But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood,
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push[1] at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied,
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord.—
Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou, dissembler, thou.—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,

[1] pish: often spelt as in the text.

Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child:
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors,
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me[1]? Thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first:—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.—
Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, come, follow me.
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead; slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Antony—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them; yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show an outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all!

[1] *Put me aside.*

Leon. But, brother Antony—

Ant. Come, 't is no matter:
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord!—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?
Come, brother, away.—I will be heard.—

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see! here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels[1]; draw to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an

[1] *Draw their instruments from their cases.*

you charge it against me.—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.[1]

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain.—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and capers,[2] the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?[3]

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well: it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: "True," said she, "a fine little one:" "No," said I, "a great wit:" "Right," says she, "a great gross one:" "Nay," said I, "a good wit:" "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody:" "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise:" "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman:" "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues:" "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning: there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that,

[1] "Large belts were worn with the girdle before, but for wrestling, the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. The action was therefore a challenge."—*Holt White*
[2] a capon: in f. e. [3] An allusion to a popular belief that a woodcock had no brains.

an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, who[1] saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man!"

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I 'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you; let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the Watch, with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogb. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now! two of my brother's men bound? Borachio, one?

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied

[1] God—with a period at the end of the speech: in f. e.

a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done? thirdly, I ask thee, what 's their offence? sixth and lastly, why they are committed? and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there 's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What 's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother, incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery.—And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thine image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come; bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter. And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, *and the Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,

I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds.
'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you cause[1] my daughter live;
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina, here,
How innocent she died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night.—
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that 's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir!
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,

[1] bid: in f. e.

Who, I believe, was pack[1] in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, which, indeed, is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go: I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well: God restore you to health. I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and Watch.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I 'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on. We 'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd[2] fellow.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] Knight adheres to the old reading *pack'd*, an old form of the word in the text. [2] *Wicked.*

SCENE II.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick *and* Margaret, *meeting*.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And your 's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love, [Singing.]
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—[1]

I mean, in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over, as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to "lady" but "baby," an innocent rhyme; for "scorn," "horn," a hard rhyme; for "school," "fool," a babbling rhyme—very ominous endings. No, I was

[1] The beginning of a song by William Elderton.

not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior; and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O! stay but till then.

Beat "Then" is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet. I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question:—why an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising

myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old[1] coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and Attendants, with music and tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads.*]

EPITAPH.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin bright[2]*;*
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb we go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:

[1] Used in the colloquial emphatic sense, for "great." [2] *knight*. See f. e.

Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,[1]
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters: put your torches out.
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his way can tell.[2] [*Exeunt Torch-bearers.*[3]

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weed;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, *Friar, and* HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me.—You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.—

[1] *Done away with.* [2] each his several way: in f. e. [3] Not in f. e.

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 't is most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what 's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd-
In the state of honourable marriage:—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.
Here come the prince, and Claudio[1].

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *with Attendants.*

D Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I 'll hold my mind were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother: here 's the friar ready.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what 's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.—
Tush! fear not, man, we 'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the Ladies masked.*

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Leon. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she 's mine.—Sweet, let me see your face.

[1] This line is from the quarto.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar:
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:
[*Unmasking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero?
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One Hero died belied[1]; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?
Beat. I answer to that name. [*Unmasking.*] What is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why,[2] no more than reason.
Bene. Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived, for[3] they swore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no[4] more than reason.
Beat. Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceived; for they swore[5], you did.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.
Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me
Bene. It is no[6] matter,—Then, you do not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her;
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
Hero. And here 's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,

[1] defiled: in f. e. [2] Why, no: in f. e. [3] Not in f. e. [4] f. e. have: Troth no, no. [5] did swear: in f. e. [6] 'T is no such: in f. e.

Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts.—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth.

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends.—Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore, play, music!—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise three brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance of all the actors.*[1]

[1] *Dance:* f. e.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

"A pleasant Conceited Comedie called, Loues labors lost. As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented By W. Shakespere. Imprinted at London by W. W. for Cutbert Burby. 1598." 4to, 38 leaves.

In the folio, of 1623, "Love's Labour 's Lost" occupies 23 pages, in the division of "Comedies," viz., from p. 122 to p. 144, inclusive. It was reprinted in 1631, 4to, "by W. S., for John Smethwicke;" and the title-page states that it was published "as it was acted by his Majesties Seruants at the Blacke-Friers and the Globe." It is merely a copy from the folio, 1623, with the addition of some errors of the press.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is a general concurrence of opinion that "Love's Labour 's Lost" was one of Shakespeare's earliest productions for the stage. In his course of Lectures delivered in 1818, Coleridge was so convinced upon this point, that he said, "the internal evidence was indisputable;" and in his "Literary Remains," II. 102, we find him using these expressions: —"The characters in this play are either impersonated out of Shakespeare's own multiformity, by imaginative self-position, or out of such as a country town and a school-boy's observation might supply[1]." The only objection to this theory is, that at the time "Love's Labour 's Lost" was composed, the author seems to have been acquainted in some degree with the nature of the Italian comic performances; but this acquaintance he might have acquired comparatively early in life. The character of Armado is that of a Spanish braggart, very much such a personage as was common on the Italian stage, and figures in *Gl' Ingannati*, (which, as the Rev. Joseph Hunter was the first to point out, Shakespeare saw before he wrote his "Twelfth Night,") under the name of Giglio: in the same comedy we have *M. Piero Pedante*, a not unusual character in pieces of that description. Holofernes is repeatedly called "the Pedant" in the old copies of "Love's Labour 's Lost[2]," while Armado is more frequently introduced

[1] Farther on this great psychological critic observes:—"If this juvenile drama had been the only one extant of our Shakespeare, and we possessed the tradition only of his riper works, or accounts of them in writers who had not even mentioned this play, how many of Shakespeare's characteristic features might we not still have discovered in 'Love's Labour 's Lost,' though as in a portrait taken of him in his boyhood! I can never sufficiently admire the wonderful activity of thought throughout the whole of the first scene of the play, rendered natural, as it is, by the choice of the characters and the whimsical determination on which the drama is founded—a whimsical determination certainly, yet not altogether so very improbable to those who are conversant in the history of the middle ages, with their Courts of Love, and all that lighter drapery of chivalry, which engaged even mighty kings, with a sort of serio-comic interest, and may well be supposed to have occupied more completely the smaller princes, at a time when the noble's or prince's court contained the only theatre of the domain or principality."

[2] It was asserted by Warburton, that in the character of Holofernes Shakespeare intended to ridicule Florio, and that our great poet here condescended to personal satire. The only apparent offence by Florio was a passage in his "Second Fruits," 1591, where he complained of the want of decorum in English dramatic representations. The provocation was evidently insufficient, and we may safely dismiss the whole conjecture as unfounded.

as "the Braggart" than by his name. Steevens, after stating that he had not been able to discover any novel from which this comedy had been derived, adds that "the story has most of the features of an ancient romance;" but it is not at all impossible that Shakespeare found some corresponding incidents in an Italian play. However, after a long search, I have not met with any such production, although, if used by Shakespeare, it most likely came into this country in a printed form.

The question whether Shakespeare visited Italy, and at what period of his life, cannot properly be considered here; but it is a very important point in relation both to his biography and works. It was certainly a very general custom for our poets to travel thither towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, and various instances of the kind are on record. Robert Greene tells us in his "Repentance," 1592, that he had been in Italy and Spain: Thomas Nash, about the same date, mentions what he had seen in France and Italy; and Daniel has several early sonnets on his "going to Italy," and on his residence there. Some of our most celebrated actors of that time also made journeys across the Alps; and Mr. Halliwell, in the notes to his "Coventry Mysteries," printed for the Shakespeare Society, has shown that Kemp, the comedian, who, as we have seen, performed Dogberry in "Much Ado about Nothing," was in Rome in 1601.

It is vain to attempt to fix with any degree of precision the date when "Love's Labour's Lost" came from the author's pen. It is very certain that Biron and Rosaline are early sketches of two characters to which Shakespeare subsequently gave greater force and effect—Benedick and Beatrice; but this only shows, what cannot be doubted, that "Love's Labour's Lost" was anterior in composition to "Much Ado about Nothing." "Love's Labour's Lost" was first printed, as far as we now know, in 1598, 4to, and then it professed on the title-page to have been "newly corrected and augmented:" we are likewise there told that it was presented before Queen Elizabeth "this last Christmas." It was not uncommon for dramatists to revise and add to their plays when they were selected for exhibition at court, and such may have been the case with "Love's Labour's Lost." "The last Christmas" probably meant Christmas, 1598; for the year at this period did not end until 25th March. It seems likely that the comedy had been written six or even eight years before, that it was revived in 1598, with certain corrections and augmentations for performance before the Queen; and this circumstance may have led to its publication immediately afterwards.

The evidence derived from passages and allusions in the piece, to which Malone refers in his "Chronological Order," is clearly of little value, and he does not himself place much confidence in it. "Love Labour Lost" is mentioned by Meres in 1598, and in the same year came out a poem by R[obert] T[ofte] entitled "Alba," in the commencement of one of the stanzas of which this comedy is introduced by name:—

"Love's Labour Lost I once did see, a play
Ycleped so."

This does not read as if the writer intended to say that he had seen it recently. There is a coincidence in Act III. sc. 1, which requires notice: Costard there jokes upon the difference between "remuneration" and "guerdon;" and Steevens contended that Shakespeare was "certainly indebted for his vein of jocularity" in this instance to a tract by I[ervase] M[arkham], called, "A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving Men," which Dr. Farmer informed him was published in 1578. The fact, however, is, that this tract did not appear till 1598, the year in which "Love's Labour's Lost" came from the press. It was, possibly, a current jest, and it will be found quoted correctly from the original, and not as Steevens inserted it, in a note upon the passage.

It is capable of proof that the play, as it stands in the folio of 1623, was reprinted from the 4to. of 1598, as it adopts various errors of the press, which could not have found their way into the folio, had it been taken from a distinct manuscript. There are, however, variations, which might show that the play-editors of the folio resorted occasionally to some authority besides the 4to. These differences are pointed out in the notes. The 4to. has no divisions into Acts and Scenes; and the folio only distinguishes the Acts, but with considerable inequality: thus the third Act only occupies about a page and a half, while the fifth Act (misprinted *Actus Quartus*) fills nine pages. Nevertheless, it would have been taking too great a liberty to alter the arrangement in this respect, although, as the reader will perceive, it might be improved without much difficulty.

There is no entry of "Love's Labour's Lost" at Stationers' Hall, until 22d Jan. 1606–7, when it was transferred by Burby (the publisher of it in 1598) to Ling, who perhaps contemplated a new edition. If it were printed in 1606 or 1607, no such impression has come down to us. Its next appearance was in the folio, 1623; but another 4to, of no authority, was published in 1631, the year before the date of the second folio.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.

BIRON, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE, } Lords, attending on the King.

BOYET, MERCADE, } Lords, attending on the Princess of France.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate.
HOLOFERNES, a Schoolmaster.
DULL, a Constable.
COSTARD, a Clown.
MOTH, Page to Armado.
A Forester.

PRINCESS of France.

ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, } Ladies, attending on the Princess.

JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Officers and others, attendants on the King and Princess

SCENE, Navarre.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAINE.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world:
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumaine, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here: [*Showing it*
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite[2] the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified.
The grosser manner of this world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,

Not in f. e. [2] From the quarto, 1598

With all these living in philosophy.
Biron I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night, too, of half the day,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.
King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please.
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
Biron. By yea, and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study, let me know?
King. Why, that to know which else we should not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
Biron. Come on, then: I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know;
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be this, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.
King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but[1] that most vain,

[1] From the quarto; the folio reads: and.

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile.
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profits of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something, then, in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping[1] frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am: why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, by study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house-top to unlock the gate.[2]

[1] *Snipping* or *nipping* [2] Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate in folio

King. Well, set you out: go home, Biron: adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I 'll keep to what I swore,[1]
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper: let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I 'll write my name.

King How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. [*Reads.*] Item, "That no woman shall come within a mile of my court."—Hath this been proclaim'd?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let 's see the penalty. [*Reads.*] "On pain of losing her tongue."—Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against garrulity.[2]

[*Reads.*] Item, "If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise."
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore, this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princess rather.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot.
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'T is won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree:
She must lie here on mere necessity.

[1] I 'll keep what I have swore: in f. e. [2] gentility: in f. e.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space,
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall plead[1] for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name; [*Subscribes.*
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.
Suggestions[2] are to others, as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world-new fashions flaunted,[3]
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I,
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie.
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.[4]
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard, the swain, and he shall be our sport;
And so to study three years is but short.

Enter DULL, *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow. What wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough[5]; but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.

[1] speak: in f. e. [2] *Temptations.* [3] world's new fashions planted: in f. e. [4] *As a minstrel to tell me stories* [5] *Third borough, a peace officer*

Dull. Signior Arm—Arm—commends you. There 's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low hearing[1]: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing.

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to chime in in[2] the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.[3]

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*] "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—"

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. "So it is,—"

Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so,—

King. Peace!

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

King. No words.

[1] having: in f. e. [2] climb in: in f. e. [3] The Law French phrase, *mainour*, with the thing stolen in hand.

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. "So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where:—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden[1]: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,"—

Cost. Me.

King. "—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,"

Cost. Me.

King. "—that shallow vessel[2],"

Cost. Still me.

King. "—which, as I remember, hight Costard,"

Cost. O! me.

King. "—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O! with—but with this I passion to say wherewith."

Cost. With a wench.

King. "—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."

Dull. Me, an 't shall please you: I am Antony Dull.

King. "For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain. I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial.

[1] *The fantastic figures* in the beds of the formal gardens of the period [2] vassal in f. e.

Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty, "DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst.—But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir: she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied, too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt* KING, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAINE.

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Dull. Sirrah, come on.[1]

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, set thee down, sorrow!

[*Exeunt*

[1] f. e. give this speech to BIRON.

SCENE II.—Armado's House in the Park.

Enter Armado *and* Moth, *his page.*

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why? sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord! sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt; or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary: crosses[1] love not him?

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

[1] *Coins;* so called from the crosses on them.

Arm. I am ill at reckoning: it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here is three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse[1] will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. [*Aside.*] To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

[1] Bankes' horse, Marocco, exhibited in London about the close of the sixteenth century, and repeatedly alluded to in the writings of the time. He is said to have ascended St. Paul's steeple. Bankes took his horse to the continent, and both are said to have been burnt, at Rome, for witchcraft.

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and poetical[1]!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe[2].

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?[3]

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 't is not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside.*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love.

[1] pathetical: in f. e. [2] *Possess* [3] It is printed in Vol. I., of *Percy's Reliques*

Moth. And that 's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day[1]-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That 's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you.

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQUENETTA.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain: shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave: away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose. thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God

[1] *Dey, or dairy*

I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love; and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your armiger[1] is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnet-maker.[2] Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.

Enter the PRINCESS *of France*, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your clearest[3] spirits.
Consider whom the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what 's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

[1] manager: in f. e. [2] sonneteer: in f. e. The folio has: sonnet
[3] dearest: in f e

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker.—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seem'th it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts; glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?

Mar. They say so most that most his humours know

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumaine, a well-accomplished youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath,
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The ladies mask*

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE, BIRON, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide[1] fields too base to be mine.

[1] Some mod. eds. read: wild.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.
Prin. I will be welcome then. Conduct me thither
King. Hear me, dear lady: I have sworn an oath.
Prin. Our lady help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.
King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper*
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may. [*Reads.*[1]
Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you 'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Ros. How needless was it, then,
To ask the question?
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'T is 'long of you, that spur me with such questions.
Biron. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befal your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I begone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have)
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid

[1] Not in f. e.

A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart[1] withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain, so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I 'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair princess, within[2] my gates,
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,

[1] *Part* and *depart* were used indifferently. [2] So the quarto; the folio: in.

Though so denied free[1] harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
[*Exeunt* KING *and his train.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack! let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says, ay.

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. *No point*,[2] with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life.

Ros. And yours from long living.

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Stands back.*[3]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is that same? [*Coming forward.*[4]

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.
[*Exit.*

Long. I beseech you a word. What is she in the white? [*Coming forward.*[5]

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir: that may be. [*Exit* LONG

[1] fair: in f. e. [2] *Non point:* Fr. [3] *Retiring:* in f. e. [4] [5] No in f. e.

Biron. What 's her name, in the cap?
[*Coming forward*[1]

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron O! you are welcome, sir. Adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit* BIRON.—*Ladies unmask*

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.
[*Offering to kiss her.*

Mar. Not so, gentle beast.
My lips are no common, though several[2] they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men, for here 't is abused.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be:

[1] Not in f. e. [2] A play upon the legal meaning of the words *common, unenclosed land;* and *several.* that which is private property. *Severell,* is said by Dr. James, to have in Warwickshire, the local meaning of belonging to a few proprietors in common.

All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where[1] they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margin did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I 'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

SONG. *See, my love.*[2]

Arm. Warble, child: make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel——(*Amato bene.*)[3] [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years: take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

[1] So the quarto; the folio has: whence. [2] [3] Not in f. e.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl[1] ?

Arm. How meanest thou ? brawling in French ?

Moth. No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary[2] to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly's doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience ?

Moth. By my pain[3] of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse ?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love ?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student ! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove ?

Moth. A man, if I live: and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

[1] Fr. *Branle;* a dance in which the parties joined hands and danced around a couple, who kissed in turn all of the opposite sex to themselves, then took their places in the circle, and were succeeded by a second couple, and so on, till all had had their share. [2] *The name of a lively, grotesque dance.* [3] f. e.: penny The original word of the folio is *penne.*

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A messenger[1] well sympathised: a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: but I go.

Arm. The way is but short. Away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minime*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and fair[2] of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face
Moist-eyed[3] melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here 's a Costard[4] broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy;* —begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy!* no salve in them all,[5] sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy:* no salve, sir, but a plantain.

Arm By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?[6]

[1] message: in f. e. [2] free: in f. e. [3] most rude: in f. e. [4] *Head* [5] the male: in f. e. Tyrwhitt. also suggested the word in the text [6] A play on the Latin salutation, *salve*.

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue, or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There 's the moral: now the *l'envoy*.
Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.
Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by making[1] four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by making four.
A good *l'envoy*.[2]
Moth. Ending in the goose; would you desire more?
Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain,[3] a goose, that 's flat.—
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:[4]
Let me see, a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that 's a fat goose.
Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?
Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.
Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought.
And he ended the market.[5]
Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?
Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

[1] adding: in f. e. [2] f. e. give this line as well as the next to *Moth.* [3] Selling a bargain, says Capell, consisted in drawing a person in, by some stratagem, to proclaim himself a fool by his own lips.—*Knight.* [4] *A cheating game*, played with a stick and a belt or string, so arranged that a spectator would think he could make the latter fast by placing a stick through its intricate folds, whereas the operator could detach it at once.—*Halliwell's Glossary* [5] An allusion to a proverb—"Three women and a goose make a market."

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that *l'envoy*.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, marry,[1] I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O! marry me to one Frances?—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me be loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee free[2] from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [*Giving a letter.*][3] to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu. [*Exit.*

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony[4] Jew[5]!—

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O! that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings, remuneration.—"What's the price of this inkle[6]? A penny.—No, I'll give you a remuneration:" why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing. [*Showing it.*][7]

Biron. O! why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship. God be wi' you.

[1] [2] [3] Not in f. e. [4] *Sweet, pretty.* [5] Used as a *term of endearment*, as so in Mid. Sum. Nts. Dream, where *Thisbe* calls *Pyramus*, "most ovely Jew." [6] *A species of tape.* [7] Not in f. e.

Biron O, stay, slave! I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.
Cost. When would you have it done, sir?
Biron. O! this afternoon.
Cost. Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.
Biron. O! thou knowest not what it is.
Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.
Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave,
It is but this.—
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her,
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There 's thy guerdon: go.
[*Gives him money.*
Cost. Guerdon.—O, sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better.[1] Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print[2].—Guerdon —remuneration! [*Exit.*
Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh:
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This whimpled[3], whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors,[4] (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

[1] A tract published in 1598, "A Health to the gentlemanly profession of Serving-Men," has a story of a servant who got a *remuneration* of three farthings from one of his master's guests, and a *guerdon* of a shilling from another. [2] *Exactly.* [3] *Veiled.* [4] *Apparitors;* officers of the ecclesiastical court, who carried out citations, often, of course, for offences instigated by "Dan Cupid."

What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright; being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A witty[1] wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?[2]
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice,
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?
O, short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now:

[1] whitely: in f. e. [2] Shooting deer, with the cross-bow, was a favourite amusement of ladies of rank, in Shakespeare's time

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see! my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in faith,[1] fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.
Cost. God dig-you-den[2] all. Pray you, which is the head lady?
Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.
Cost. The thickest, and the tallest? it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.
Prin. What 's your will, sir? what 's your will?
Cost. I have a letter, from monsieur Biron to one lady Rosaline. [*Giving it.*[3]
Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he 's a good friend of mine.

[1] fair: in f. e. [2] *Give you good even.* [3] Not in f. e.

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up[1] this capon. [*Handing it to him.*[2]

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook; it importeth none here:
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [*Reads.*] "By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici;* which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome; To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Whom overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's: the captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison; thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

"Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."[3]

[1] *Carve.* [2] Not in f. e. [3] These verses are usually given to *Boyet*, as his own, instead of being an appendage to *Armado's* epistle

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?
Boyet. I am much deceiv'd, but I remember the style.
Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.
Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho,[1] and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.
Prin. Thou, fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter?
Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord, to which lady?
Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.
Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords, away.—
Here, sweet, put up this: 't will be thine another day.
[*Exeunt* PRINCESS *and Train.*
Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?[2]
Ros. Shall I teach you to know?
Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!
Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!
Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.
Boyet. And who is your deer?
Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!—
Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

[1] An Englishman, who, according to Nash, (Have with you to Saffron Walden, 1596,) "quite renounst his naturall English accents and gestures, and wrested himself wholly to the Italian puntilios." He asserted himself to be sovereign of the world, and from this "phantastick humor" obtained the title of Monarcho. [2] A play upon *shooter* and *suitor*, showing that the pronunciation of the two was similar.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,*
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* KATH.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O! mark but that mark: a mark, says my lady.
Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand: i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt* BOYET *and* MARIA.

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear;

[1] *Clout* and *pin*, terms in archery; the clout or pin, held up the mark aimed at.

Looking babies in her eyes, his passion to declare.[1]
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of small[2] wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! [*Shouting within.*
[*Exit* COSTARD.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood; ripe as the pomewater,[3] who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cœlo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.[4]

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'T was not a *haud credo*, 't was a pricket.[5]

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*: 't was a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*—
O, thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the daintics that are bred in a book;
He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink:
His intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal not to think,[6]
Only sensible in the duller parts[7]; and such barren plants
Are set before us, that we thankful should be

[1] This line is not in f. e. [2] Not in f. e. [3] *A kind of apple.* [4] *A stag five years old.* [5] *A stag two years old.* [6] "not to think": not in f. e. [7] The whole of this passage, commencing with "O, thou monster," &c., is printed as prose in f. e.

Which we, having[1] taste and feeling, are for those parts that do fructify in us more than he:
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch set on learning, to set him in a school:
But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book men: can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Doctissimè,[2] good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more;
And raught[3] not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'T is true indeed: the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollusion holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside, that 't was a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility. [*Reads.*

The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting

[1] of: in f. e. [2] Dictynna: in f e. [3] *Reached.*

If sore be sore, then l to sore makes fifty sores; O sore l!
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more l.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw,[1] look how he claws him with a talent [*Aside.*[2]

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle! if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them; but, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur.* A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.[3]

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ
Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan![4] I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—Venegia, Venegia,
Chi non te vede, non te pregia.[5]

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth

[1] *Talon* was often written *talent.* [2] Not in f. e. [3] *Parson* was sometimes called *person.* "He is called *parson. persona*, because by his *person* the church, which is an invisible body, is represented."—*Blackstone.* [4] John Baptist Mantuanus; his eclogues were translated by George Turberville. 1567. [5] A proverb: quoted in Howell's Letters.

thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *lege, domine.*

Nath. *If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?*
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial, as thou art, O! pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitating[1] is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the trained[2] horse his rider. But damosella, virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: "Your ladyship's, in all desired employment, Biron." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries

[1] imitari: in f. e. [2] 'tired: in f. e.

with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet: deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COST. *and* JAQ.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell me not of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses: did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if before repast it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*To* DULL,] I do invite you too: you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—Another part of the Same.

Enter BIRON, *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil[1]; I am toiling in a pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile? a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me: i' faith, I will not. O! but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her! yes, for her two eyes. Well, I

[1] *An enclosure*, into which game were driven.

do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan!

[*Gets up into a tree.*

Enter the KING, *with a paper.*

King. Ay me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—In faith, secrets!—

King. [*Reads.*] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thine eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The dew of night[1] *that on my cheeks down flows:*
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far thou dost[2] *excel,*
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper.
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading? listen, ear.

[*Steps aside.*

Biron. [*Aside in the tree.*][3] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.[4]

[1] *night of dew:* in f. e. [2] *dost thou:* in f. e. [3] *Aside.* in f. e
[4] Papers stating their offence, were affixed to perjurers at the time of their punishment.—*Holinshed.*

King. [*Aside.*] In love, I hope. Sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. [*Aside.*] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know.

Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [*Aside.*] O! rhymes are guards[1] on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.[2]

Long. This same shall go.— [*He reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then, it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath, to win a paradise?

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein[3], which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us! God amend us! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAINE, *with a paper.*

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Steps aside.*

Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid[4]; an old infant play.
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens! I have my wish:

[1] *Trimmings.* [2] shape: an f. e. [3] The liver was supposed to be the seat of the affections. [4] An old name for *hide and go seek.*

Dumaine transform'd? four woodcocks in a dish.
Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. [*Aside.*] O most profane coxcomb!
Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. [*Aside.*] By earth, she is most[1] corporal; there you lie.
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.
Biron. [*Aside.*] An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. [*Aside.*] Stoops[2], I say:
Her shoulder is with child.
Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. [*Aside.*] Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.
Dum. O, that I had my wish!
Long. [*Aside.*] And I had mine!
King. [*Aside.*] And I mine too, good lord!
Biron. [*Aside.*] Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
Biron. [*Aside.*] A fever in your blood? why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. [*Aside.*] Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
Dum. *On a day, alack the day!*
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow,
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack! my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,

[1] not: in f. e. [2] Stoop: in f. e.

That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom great[1] *Jove would swear*
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's lasting[2] pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. [*Advancing.*] Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. [*Advancing.*] Come, sir, blush you: as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To* LONG.
And Jove for your love would infringe an oath.
[*To* DUMAINE.
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, with such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
[*Coming down from the tree.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to reprove

[1] This word is not in f. e. [2] fasting: in f e.

These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears:
You 'll not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing:
Tush! none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O! what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me! with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,[1]
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief? O! tell me, good Dumaine
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men, like men of strange[2] inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?— [*Going.*[3]

King. Soft! Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What, peasant,[4] hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

[1] *A kind of top.* [2] Tieck, suggests *such.* [3] Not in f. e. [4] present: in f. e.

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson misdoubts it; 't was treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over. [BIRON *reads the letter*
Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it? [*Tearing it.*[1]
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let 's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name. [*Picking up the pieces*
Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! [*To* COSTARD.]
you were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me, fool, to make up the mess.
He, he, and you, and you my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O! dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four.—
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, sirs; away!
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA.
Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O! let us embrace.
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth yet obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.
King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
Biron. Did they? quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

[1] Not in f •

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.
O! but for my love, day would turn to night.
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O! 't is the sun, that maketh all things shine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O! who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the shade[1] of night;
And beauty's best becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of these days;
For native blood is counted painting now,

[1] scowl: in f. e.

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
King. 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I 'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I 'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here 's thy love: my foot and her face see.
Biron. O! if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.
Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see, as she walk'd over head.
King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Biron. O! nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat: and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. O! some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets[1], how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. O! 't is more than need.
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.—
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman:
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book,
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?

[1] From *quodlibets*.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the Academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study, too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such learning[1] as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is:
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,[2]
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O! we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But with the motion of all elements
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind:
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valour is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair,

[1] beauty: in f 3. [2] Between this and the next line, f. e. insert *With ourselves.*

And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
O! then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humanity.[1]
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then, fools you were these women to forswear,
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords!
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing: lay these glozes by.
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore, let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;

[1] humility: in f. e

And justice always whirls in equal measure.
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection[1], audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical[2]. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise[3] companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth one of *insania*[4]: *ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone? — bone, for *bene: Priscian* a little scratch'd; 't will serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

[1] *Affectation.* [2] In the style of Terence's Thraso. [3] *Nice to excess.* [4] It insinateth one of insanie: in f. e.

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirrah! [*To* Moth

Hol. *Quare* Chirrah, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O: they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*[1]: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon[2].

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [*To* Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book.—What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head.

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba! most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning

Hol. *Quis*, *quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew[3] of wit! snip, snap, quick and home: it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit!

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà*. A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O!

[1] Taylor, the Water Poet, says Knight, used this word with stil another syllable, *honorificica*, &c. [2] *A small substance*, floating on a glass of liquor, which it was a feat for a toper to swallow ignited [3] *A hit in fencing.*

an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me. Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O! I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula:* we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the large house[1] on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent. and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure you, my very good friend.—For what is inward between us, let it pass.—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other important and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too.—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day

[1] charge-house: in f. e.

to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess, I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus; this swain, (because of his great limb or joint,) shall pass for Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority; his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman.

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge[1] not, an antick, I beseech you, to follow.

Hol. Via!—Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull. To our sport, away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another part of the Same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA, *with presents.*[2]

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in:

[1] *Fit, agree.* [2] These two words not in f.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds !—
Look you, what I have from the loving king.
Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?
Prin. Nothing but this? yes; as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax;[1]
For he hath been five thousand years a boy
Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Ros. You 'll ne'er be friends with him: a' kill'd your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might a' been a grandam ere she died;
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.
Ros. What 's your dark meaning, mouse[2], of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You 'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I 'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not?—O! that 's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason; for, past cure is still past care.
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd
But Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great: be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron.
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O! he hath drawn my picture in his letter.
Prin. Any thing like?
Ros. Much, in the letters, nothing in the praise
Prin. Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.

[1] *Grow.* [2] *A term of endearment.*

Kath. Fair as a text R[1] in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not so full of O's!
Prin. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!
But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumaine?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam; and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.
Mar. This, and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I 'll torture ere I go.
O! that I knew he were but in by the week![2]
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my behests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So potently[3] would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by wit worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O! I am stabb'd with laughter. Where 's her grace?

[1] B: in f. e [2] *For a certainty* [3] portent-like: in f. e.

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare
Arm, wenches, arm! encounterers[1] mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments: you 'll be surpris'd.
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they,
That charge the breach[2] against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That by and by disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have feared her, had she been a devil."
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd "*Via!* we will do 't, come what will come:"
The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well:"
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's sudden[3] tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;

[1] encounters: in f. e. [2] their breath: in f e. [3] solemn: in f. e

And every one his love-suit[1] will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they 'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.
Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold Rosaline; this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change you[2] favours, too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.
Ros. Come on then: wear the favours most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs.
They do it but in mockery, merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?
Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 't is spoke, each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There 's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpets sound within.*
Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd, the maskers come. [*The ladies mask*
Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAINE, *in Russian habits, and masked;* MOTH, *Musicians, and Attendants.*
Moth. "All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!"

[1] *Love-feat.* [2] So the quarto; the folio: *your.*

Biron.[1] Beauties no richer than rich taffata.
Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
[*The Ladies turn their backs to him*
That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views!"
Biron. "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes."
Moth. "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! Out—"
Boyet. True: "out," indeed.
Moth. "Out of your favours heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold"—
Biron. "Once to behold," rogue.
Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes, ——with your sun-beamed eyes"—
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.
Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds Boyet.
If they do speak our language, 't is our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know what they would.
Boyet. What would you with the princess?
Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.
Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure[2] with you on this grass.
Ros. It is not so: ask them how many inches
Is in one mile? if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

[1] Dyce, gives this speech to *Boyet*, as do most mod. eds. [2] *A formal, slow dance.*

Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds removed) upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O, vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.
Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then! nay, you must do it soon.
[*Music plays.*
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she 's changed
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays: vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice. Take hands:—we will not dance.
King. Why take we hands then?
Ros. Only to part friends.—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure: be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves? What buys your company?
Ros Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu.
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.
Ros. In private, then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that. [*They converse apart.*

Biron White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar: there are three.

Biron. Nay, then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice) Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice! There 's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu. Since you can cog[1], I 'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet. [*They converse apart.*

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord.—Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you, As much in private, and I 'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask, And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman.—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let 's part the word.

Kath. No; I 'll not be your half: Take all, and wean it: it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks. Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then: the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen As is the razor's edge invisible,

[1] *To cog*, was to load dice, to cheat, to deceive.

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense, so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids: break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt* KING, *Lords*, MOTH, *Music, and Attendants*.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O, poverty in wit, kill'd by pure flout[1]!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night,
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumaine was at my service, and his sword:
No point, quoth I: my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps[2],
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:

[1] kingly—poor flout: in f. e. [2] By act of Parliament of 1571, all persons not noble, were ordered to wear woollen caps.

Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds[1], or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advised,
Let 's mock them still, as well, known, as disguis'd.
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder, what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS, ROS. KATH. *and* MARIA.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAINE, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God[2] doth please.
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve:
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he,
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy:
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;

[1] *Lowering the clouds which hid them.* [2] So the quarto; the folio: Jove.

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales bone[1];
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!
Enter the PRINCESS, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, *and Attendants.*
Biron. See where he comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man[2] show'd thee? and what art thou now?
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better: I will give you leave.
King. We come to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it, then.
Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have spoke,
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O! you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited; much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear:
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam! Russians?
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of these days)

[1] *The tooth of the walrus*, formerly called the whale. [2] The old eds. have: madman; which Dyce would retain.

In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O! I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they 'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help! hold his brows! he 'll swoon. Why look you pale?—
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song;
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forswear them; and I here protest
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows,)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin,—wench, so God help me, la!
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans SANS, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft! let us see:—
Write "Lord have mercy on us"[1] on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us

Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves: my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

[1] The inscription, written on houses infected with the plague.

King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace! peace! forbea
Your oath once broke, you force[1] not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine
Prin. I will; and therefore keep it.—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—
What! will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on 't:—here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy.
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she 's dispos'd,
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours, and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn—in will, and error.
Much upon this it is:—and might not you [*To* Boyet
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire[2].
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd,
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye,

[1] *Hesitate;* an old use of the word. [2] *Square.*

Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo! he is tilting straight. Peace! I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I hope, it is not so.
You cannot beg[1] us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord! sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.
Biron. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord! sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to pursent one man,—e'en one poor man—Pompion the great, sir.
Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.
Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir: we will take some care. [*Exit* COSTARD.
King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach.
Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 't is some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.
King. I say, they shall not come.

[1] Beg to have the custody of us as lunatics.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO *converses with the* KING, *and delivers a paper to him.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. A' speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That 's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit* ARMADO.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabeus.
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 't is not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—
Abate throw at novum[1], and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD *armed, for Pompey.*

Cost. "I Pompey am,—"

Boyet. You lie, you are not he

Cost. "I Pompey am,—"

Boyet. With libbard's[2] head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—"

[1] *A game at dice*, of which five and nine were the chief throws.
[2] *Panther's*

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir ;—"Pompey surnam'd the great ;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat :
And travelling along this coast I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."
If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'T is not so much worth ; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in, "great."

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Sir NATHANIEL *armed, for Alexander.*

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might :
My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander."

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not ; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.[1]

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd.—Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;"—

Boyet. Most true ; 't is right ; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O ! sir, [*To* NATH.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror. You will be scraped out of the painted cloth[2] for this : your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will he give to Ajax[3] : he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak ? run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. *retires.*]

[1] Alexander was wry-necked, and his body, says Plutarch, had a sweet odour. [2] Used for walls in place of tapestry. [3] The arms given to Alexander in the old history of the Nine Worthies, were "a lion sitting in a chair, holding a battle-axe."

There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas! you see how 'tis;—a little o'erparted.—But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

King. Stand aside, good Pompey. [*Exit* COSTARD.[1]

Enter HOLOFERNES *armed, for Judas, and* MOTH *armed, for Hercules.*

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canis;*
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus.*
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority,
Ergo, I come with this apology.—
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Exit* MOTH.

Hol. "Judas I am,"—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—
"Judas I am, yclep'd Maccabeus."

Dum. Judas Maccabeus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor.—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. "Judas I am,"—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir: you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.[2]

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern[3] head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask[4].

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] Such was an old popular belief often referred to. [3] *Guitar-heads* often had a face carved on them. [4] *Powder-flask.*

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude? give it him:—
Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabeus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO *armed, for Hector.*

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Bing. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He 's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—"

Dum. A gift[1] nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.[2]

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!
"The armipotent Mars of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion,
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—"

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

[1] Folio: a gilt. It is spoken of as a sort of charm, in Ben Jonson's "Gipsies Metamorphosed." [2] A common practice.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten: sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man.—But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.[1]

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—

Re-enter COSTARD, *in haste, unarmed.*[2]

Cost. The party is gone: fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she 's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 't is yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved.—More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man[3]: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

[1] f. e. have the direction: BIRON *whispers* COSTARD. [2] Not in f. e
[3] The quarter-staff was most in use in the North.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for 't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go woolward[1] for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Monsieur MERCADE, *a Messenger.*

Mer. God save you, madam.

Prin. Welcome, Mercade,
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam, for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so: my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble[2] tongue.
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

[1] With the woollen outer garment next the skin. [2] humble: in f. e.

King. The extreme parting time expressly forms[1]
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose[2], decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are dull.[3]

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief,
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed ends of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strangeness;[4]
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain:
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange[5] shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecome our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself so base,[6]
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,

[1] parts of time extremely form: in f. e. [2] The technical term for the loosing of an arrow. [3] double: in f. e. [4] strains: in f. e. [5] straying: in f. e. [6] a sin: in f. e.

As bombast,[1] and as lining to the time.
But more devout than this, in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.
Long. So did our looks.
Ros. We did not quote them so.
King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this.—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge[2] by these deserts,
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant[3], shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye.
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.
Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?
Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank:[4]

[1] *Cotton wool*, used for stuffing dresses. [2] has me: in f. e. [3] instances: in f. e. [4] Knight and Coleridge think that this speech of *Rosaline's* should be omitted. It is found in all the old eds.

You are attaint with faults and perjury,
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O! shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a day
I 'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I 'll give you some.

Dum. I 'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end.
I 'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I 'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you: few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress look on me:
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft had I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will exercise,[1]
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that 's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.

[1] execute: in f. e.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dire[1] groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,[2]
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befal what will befal, I 'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave. [*To the* KING.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play; Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day, And then 't will end.

Biron. That 's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me.—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary: I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. *When daisies pied, and violets blue,*
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,

[1] dear: in f. e. [2] then: in f. e.

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

III.

Winter *When icicles hang by the wall,*
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who,
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who,
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way: we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

"A Midsommer nights dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be soulde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleetestreete, 1600." 32 leaves.

"A Midsommer night's dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publikely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by James Roberts, 1600." 32 leaves.

In the folio, 1623, it occupies 18 pages, viz., from p. 145 to 162 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It is of course, like the other plays, inserted in the later folios.

INTRODUCTION.

This drama, which on the title-pages of the earliest impressions is not called comedy, history, nor tragedy, but which is included by the player-editors of the first folio among the "comedies" of Shakespeare, was twice printed in 1600, "for Thomas Fisher" and "by James Roberts." Fisher was a bookseller, and employed some unnamed printer; but Roberts was a printer as well as a bookseller. The only entry of it at Stationers' Hall is to Fisher, and it runs as follows:—

"8 Oct. 1600. Tho. Fysher] A booke called a Mydsomer nights Dreame."

There is no memorandum regarding the impression by Roberts, which perhaps was unauthorized, although Heminge and Condell followed his text when they included "Midsummer-Night's Dream" in the folio of 1623. In some instances the folio adopts the evident misprints of Roberts, while such improvements as it makes are not obtained from Fisher's more accurate copy: both the errors and emendations, if not merely trifling, are pointed out in our notes. The chief difference between the two quartos and the folio is, that in the latter the Acts, but not the Scenes, are distinguished.

We know from the *Palladis Tamia* of Meres, that "Midsummer Night's Dream" was in existence at least two years before it came from the press. On the question when it was written, two pieces of internal evidence have been especially noticed. Mr. Halliwell, in his "Introduction to a Midsummer-Night's Dream" has produced a passage from the Diary of Dr. Simon Forman, which in some points tallies with the description of the state of the weather, and the condition of the country given by the Fairy Queen.[1] The memorandum

[1] 8vo. 1841, p. 6. The following are the terms Forman employs; and they are subjoined, that the reader may compare them with the passage in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," A. ii. sc. 1. "Ther was moch sicknes but lyttle death, moch fruit, and many plombs of all sorts this yeare and small nuts, but fewe walnuts. This monethes of June and July were very wet and wonderful cold like winter, that the 10 dae of Julii many did syt by the fyer, yt was so cold; and soe was yt in Maye and June; and scarce too fair dais together all that tyme, but yt rayned every day more or lesse. Yf yt did not raine, then was yt cold and cloudye. Mani murders were done this quarter There were many great fludes this sommer, and about Michelmas, thorowe the abundaunce of raine that fell sodeinly, the brige of Ware was broken downe, and at Stratford Bowe, the water was never seen so byg as yt was: and in the lattere end of October, the waters burst downe the bridg at Cambridge. In Barkshire were many gret waters, wherewith was moch harm done sodenly." MS. Ashm. 384, fol. 105.

in Forman's Diary relates to the year 1594, and Stowe s Chronicle may be quoted to the same effect.

The other supposed temporary allusion occurs in Act v. sc. 1. and is contained in the lines,—

> "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
> Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary,"

which some have imagined to refer to the death of Spenser. If so, it must have been an insertion in the drama subsequent to its first production, because Spenser was not dead in 1598, when "Midsummer-Night's Dream" was mentioned by Meres. It is very doubtful whether any particular reference were intended by Shakespeare, who, perhaps, only meant to advert in strong terms to the general neglect of learning. T. Warton carried the question back to shortly subsequent to the year 1591, when Spenser's "Tears of the Muses" was printed, which, from the time of Rowe to that of Malone, was supposed to contain passages highly laudatory of Shakespeare. There is a slight coincidence of expression between Spenser and Shakespeare, in the poem of the one, and in the drama of the other, which deserves remark: Spenser says,—

> "Our pleasant Willy, ah, is *dead of late.*

And one of Shakespeare's lines is,—

> "Of learning, *late deceas'd* in beggary."

Yet it is quite clear, from a subsequent stanza in "The Tears of the Muses," that Spenser did not refer to the natural death of "Willy," whoever he were, but merely that he "rather chose to sit in idle cell," than write in such unfavourable times. In the same manner, Shakespeare might not mean that Spenser (if the allusion indeed be to him) was actually "deceased," but merely, as Spenser expresses it in his "Colin Clout," that he was "dead in dole." The allusion to Queen Elizabeth as the "fair vestal, throned by the west," in A. ii. sc. 1, affords no note of time.

It seems highly probable that "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" was not written before the autumn of 1594, and if the speech of Titania in A. ii. sc. 1, were intended to describe the real state of the kingdom, from the extraordinary wetness of the season, we may infer that the drama came from the pen of Shakespeare at the close of 1594, or in the beginning of 1595.

"The Knight's Tale" of Chaucer, and the same poet's "Tysbe of Babylone," together with Arthur Golding's translation of the story of Pyramus and Thisbe from Ovid, are the only sources yet pointed out of the plots introduced and employed by Shakespeare. Oberon, Titania, and Robin Goodfellow, or Puck, are mentioned, as belonging to the fairy mythology, by many authors of the time. The Percy Society not long since reprinted a tract called "Robin Good-fellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests," from an edition in 1628; but there is little doubt that it originally came out at least

forty years earlier[2]: together with a ballad inserted in the Introduction to that reprint, it shows how Shakespeare availed himself of existing popular superstitions. In "Percy's Reliques" (III. 254, edit. 1812,) is a ballad entitled "The Merry Pranks of Robin Good-fellow," attributed to Ben Jonson, of which I have a version in a MS. of the time: it is the more curious, because it has the initials B. J. at the end. It contains some variations and an additional stanza, which, considering the subject of the poem, it may be worth while here to subjoin:—

"When as my fellow elfes and I
In circled ring do trip around,
If that our sports by any eye
Do happen to be seen or found;
If that they
No words do say,
But *mum* continue as they go,
Each night I do
Put groat in shoe,
And wind out laughing, ho, ho, ho!"

The incidents connected with the life of Robin Good-fellow were, no doubt, worked up by different dramatists in different ways; and in "Henslowe's Diary" are inserted two entries of money paid to Henry Chettle for a play he was writing in Sept. 1602, under the title of "Robin Good-fellow."

There is every reason to believe that, "Midsummer-Night's Dream" was popular: in 1622, the year before it was reprinted in the first folio, it is thus mentioned by Taylor, the water-poet, in his "Sir Gregory Nonsense:"—"I say, as it is applaustfully written, and commended to posterity, in the Midsummer-Night's Dream:—if we offend, it is with our good will: we came with no intent but to offend, and show our simple skill."—(See A. v. sc. 1.)

It appears by a MS. preserved in the Library at Lambeth Palace, that "Midsummer-Night's Dream" was represented at the house of John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, on 27th Sept. 1631. Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, ii. 26.

[2] A wood-cut is on the title-page, intended to represent Robin Goodfellow: he is like a Satyr, with hoofs and horns, and a broom over his shoulder. Sir Hugh Evans, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," was no doubt thus dressed, when he represented Puck, or Robin Goodfellow. A copy of the wood-cut may be seen in "The Bridgewater Library Catalogue," 4to, 1837, p 258

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EGEUS, Father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, } in love with Hermia.
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.
QUINCE, a Carpenter.
SNUG, a Joiner.
BOTTOM, a Weaver.
FLUTE, a Bellows-mender.
SNOUT, a Tinker.
STARVELING, a Tailor.
HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons.
HERMIA, in love with Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
PUCK, or Robin-Goodfellow.
PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, } Fairies.
PYRAMUS, THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, LION, } Characters in the Interlude.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, *and Attendants.*

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace: four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New[1] bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—
[*Exit* Philostrate.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelry.[2]

Enter Egeus, *with his daughter* Hermia, Lysander, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: what 's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I; with complaint

[1] now: in f. e. The change was also suggested by Rowe, and adopted generally. [2] revelling: in f. e.

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth,)
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn hardness.—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so, she will not here, before your grace,
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her,
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes!

The. Rather, your eyes must with his judgmen- look

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befal me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure

For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthly[1] happier is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to[2] whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and by the next new moon,
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship,
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
(If not with vantage,) as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I 'll avouch it to his head,

[1] earthlier: in f. e. Capel also suggested the change [2] *o* is added in the second folio. Knight and others, omit it.

Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus: you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.
[*Exeunt* THES. HIP. EGE. DEM. *and train.*
Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
Her. Belike, for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem[1] them from the tempest of mine eyes.
Lys. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low[2]!
Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;—
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of men[3]:—
Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany[4] as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied[5] night,

[1] *Bestow.* [2] love: in f. e. Theobald suggested the change [3] Folio, 1623: merit. Other eds.: friends; from the quartos. [4] So the quartos; the folio: momentary. [5] *Black.*

That, in a spleen[1], unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If, then, true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then, let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote[2] seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,
And in the wood, a league without the town,
(Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair[3]: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

[1] *Fit of passion.* [2] So the quartos; the folio: remov'd. [3] *Features*

Sickness is catching; O, were favour[1] so!
Your words I 'd catch, fair Hermia; ere I go,
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I 'll give to be to you translated.
O! teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His fault, fair[2] Helena, is none of mine. [mine!

Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love must dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit* HERM.

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit* LYS.

Hel How happy some, o'er other some can be!

[1] *Beauty.* [2] folly, in place of, fault, fair: in f. e.

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where;
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is[1] dear recompense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors, and so go on to appoint.[2]

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and

[1] a dear expense: in f. e. [2] so go on to a point: in f. e.

a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move stones;[1] I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks,
"And shivering shocks,
"Shall break the locks
"Of prison-gates:
"And Phibbus' car
"Shall shine from far
"And make and mar
"The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein,[2] a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman: I have a beard coming.

Quin. That 's all one. You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice:—"Thisby, Thisby—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

[1] storms: in f. e. [2] In Greene's Groat's-worth of wit, a player says, "The twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage."

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father.—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part;—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me: I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again: let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us, but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove: I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day, a most lovely, gentlemanlike man; therefore, you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light: there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw

a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously.

Quin. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.[1] At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough, hold, or cut bow-strings.[2] [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy and PUCK *at opposite doors.*

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs[3] upon the green:
The cowslips all[4] her pensioners be:
In their gold cups[5] spots you see.
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob[6] of spirits: I'll be gone.
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king:
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy

[1] In f. e. this half of the speech is given to *Bottom*. [2] A popular proverbial phrase. [3] The green circles known as fairy-rings. [4] tall: in f. e. [5] coats: in f. e. [6] *Lubber*.

And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square[1]; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skims milk, and sometimes labours in the quern,[2]
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;
And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm[3];
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. Fairy,[4] thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Fairy: here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress.—Would that he were gone!

Enter OBERON, *from one side, with his train, and* TITANIA, *from the other, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies,[5] skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then, I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,

[1] *Quarrel.* [2] *Hand-mill.* [3] *Yeast.* [4] Not in f. e. [5] Fairy: in f. e.

Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India,
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded? and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,[1]
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain[2], or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting[3] river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat: and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock:
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;[4]
And the quaint mazes on the wanton green,
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here:
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature, we see

[1] Beginning of midsummer. [2] Stream running over pebbles. [3] *Petty.*
[4] A sort of table of cross lines cut in the turf, on which a game was played with eighteen stones divided between two players, who moved these stones after the manner of chequers. Wet weather would of course produce the effect in the text.

The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyem's chin[1], and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The childing[2] autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension:
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your art[3] at rest:
Thy[4] fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following, (her womb, then ripe[5] with my young squire)
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit* TITANIA, *with her train.*

[1] Tyrwhitt reads: thin. [2] *Teeming.* [3] heart: in f. e. [4] The: in f. e. [5] rich: in f. e.

Obe Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
Puck. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal[1] throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that is seen[2].
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
Puck. I 'd[3] put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit* Puck
Obe. Having once this juice,
I 'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb)

[1] This passage is supposed to refer to Queen Elizabeth. [2] it sees: in f. e. [3] I'll: in f. e.

I 'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will over-hear their conference. [*Retiring*

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I 'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood[1] within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

[1] *Mad, crazed.*

Dem. I 'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase:
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.
Dem. I will not stay thy questions: let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I 'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.
[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* HEL.
Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—
Re-enter PUCK.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Puck. Ay, there it is.
Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush[1] woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these bowers[2] with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I 'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love.

[1] luscious: in f. e. [2] flowers: in f. e

And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord: your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Wood.

Enter TITANIA, *with her train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds:
Some war with rear-mice[1] for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

FAIRIES' SONG.

1 Fai. *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,*
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing now your[2] *sweet lullaby;*
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 Fai. *Weaving spiders, come not here;*
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

2 *Fai.* Hence, away! now all is well.
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies.* TITANIA *sleeps*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,

[*Anointing* TITANIA'S *eye-lids*

Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,

[1] *Bats.* [2] *in our:* in f. e.

Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood,
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We 'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both:
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet: do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning in love's confidence.[1]
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?

[1] conference: in f. e.

Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
[*Anointing his eyes*[1]
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running*.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence; and do not haunt me thus
Hel. O! wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.
[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.

Hel. O! I am out of breath in this fond chase.
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear;
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
But who is here?—Lysander on the ground?
Dead, or asleep?—I see no blood, no wound.—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake. [*Waking.*
Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art[2],
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.

[1] This direction not in f. e. [2] Malone's reading "Nature shows her art."

What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then, be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love.
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong; good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore, be abus'd! [*Exit*

Lys. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou there
And never may'st thou come Lysander near;
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me;
And all my powers address their love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [*Exit*

Her. Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
[*Waking*
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.
Ah, me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I will perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I 'll find immediately. [*Exit*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. TITANIA lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here 's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our 'tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of "Pyramus and Thisby," that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By 'rlakin[1], a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.[2]

Bot. No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves:

[1] *By our lady kin.* [2] alternate verses of these syllables.

to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect:—"Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are:" and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby (says the story,) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaster, or some lime[1], or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: and[2] let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your

[1] loam: in f. e. [2] or: in f. e.

speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I 'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. "Thisby, the flowers have[1] odious savours sweet,"—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. ——"odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear.—
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear." [*Exit*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here. [*Exit*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I 'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head on.*[2]

This. O!—"As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."

Pyr. "If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine."—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt Clowns, in confusion.*

Puck. I 'll follow you, I 'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I 'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

[1] or: in f. e. [2] Not in f. e [3] The last two words not in f. e.

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom! thou art changed: what do I see on thee? [*Exit, frightened.*[1]

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own, do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit, frightened.*[2]

Bot. I see their knavery. This is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings*

The oosel-cock[3], *so black of hue,*
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking*

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,*
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek[3] upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

[1] [2] Not in f. e. [3] *Black-bird.* [3] *Joke, scoff.*

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I 'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed.

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.
2 *Fai.* And I.
3 *Fai.* And I.
4 *Fai.* Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.
Their honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal.
2 *Fai.* Hail!
3 *Fai.* Hail!
4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire of you more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your pa-

tience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire of you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him: lead him to my bower
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my lover's tongue, and bring him silently.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Wood.

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule[1] now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take;
An ass's nowl[2] I fixed on his head:
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls:
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong,

[1] *Revel.* [2] *Noll, head.*

For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch,
Some, sleeves, some, hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd[1] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping, (that is finish'd too)
And the Athenian woman by his side,
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.[2]

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman; but not this the man.

[*They stand apart.*

Dem. O! why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now, I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake;

[1] Fr. *Lécher:* to lick. [2] This direction not in f. e.

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion in a mispris'd flood [1]
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.
Dem. And, if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so;
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*
Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite, [*Coming forward.*
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see you bring her here:
I 'll charm his eyes against she do appear.
Puck. I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*
Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye. [*Anointing his eyes.*
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky,—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

[1] on a mispris'd mood: in f. e.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befal preposterously. [*They stand apart.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow I weep, and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O, devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
[*Awaking*
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O! how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This impress[1] of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

[1] princess: in f. e.

But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so:
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so,
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours in Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia: I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes[1] and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

[1] *Eyes.*

Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.
Hel. Lo! she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O! is all forgot?
All school days' friendship, childhood's innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two loving[1] berries moulded on one stem,
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.
Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.
Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face,
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,

[1] lovely: in f. e.

But miserable most to love unlov'd,
This you should pity, rather than despise.
Her. I understand not what you mean by this.
Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you had any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 't is partly mine own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena: hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come,—
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this? [*Holding him.*[1]
Lys. Away, you Ethiop!
Dem. No, no, he 'll—
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you: I 'll not trust your word

[1] Not in f. e.

Lys. What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so.
Her. What! can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what means[1] my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
Why, then you left me (O, the gods forbid!)
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer: 't is no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me!—you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures: she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,

[1] news: in f. e.

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no farther. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone. Who is 't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O! when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd.
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass[1] made:
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part, for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby[2] it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Her. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.
[*Exeunt* Lys. *and* Dem.

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you.
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit*

[1] Formerly supposed to have the property of hindering the growth
[2] *Abide*, answer for.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [*Exit*

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
[*Coming forward.*
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.[2]

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did you not tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie, therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep,
With leaden legs and batty wings, doth creep.
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,

[1] Not in f e. [2] So the quarto: the folio: willingly.

They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.
Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit* OBERON

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now. [thou?
Puck. Here, villain! drawn and ready. Where art
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Exit* LYS. *as following the voice*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I 'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea; art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice: we 'll try no manhood here [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day! [*Lies down*
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I 'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou run'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night! O, long and tedious night!
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest.
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers:
I can no farther crawl, no farther go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[*Sleeps.*

Puck. On the ground sleep sound:
I 'll apply to your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Anointing*[2] LYSANDER'S *eyes*

When thou wak'st, see thou tak'st
True delight in the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,

Lies down: in f. e. [2] *Squeezing the juice on.*

That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well.

[*Exit* PUCK.—DEM. HEL. *&c. sleep*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM: *Fairies attending.* OBERON *behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy[1],
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where 's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where 's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not: I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where 's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,[2] monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What 's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalery Cobweb[3] to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face, and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

[1] *Caress.* [2] *Fist.* [3] A probable misprint for Peas-blossom.

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music let 's have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be a while[1] away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist: the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Obe. [*Advancing.*] Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which straight she gave me; and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

[1] all ways: in f. e.

But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou wast wont to be; [*Anointing her eyes.*
See, as thou wast wont to see;
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen.
Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.
Obe. There lies your love.
Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!
Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.
Tita. Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.
Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd
And since we have the vaward[1] of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley: let them go!—

[1] *Vanward*, the fore part.

Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded;[1] and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[*Horns, and shouts within.* DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *wake and start up.*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past.
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel.*

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

[1] *Flew'd*, the large chaps of a hound; *sanded*, their hues

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough! my lord, you have enough.
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You, of your wife, and me, of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither. to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,
We 'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.
Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.
Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
Her. Yea; and my father.
Hel. And Hippolyta.
Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.
Dem. Why then, we are awake. Let 's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

Bot. [*Waking.*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus." ——Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God 's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep. I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched[1] fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom, and I will sing it in the latter end of the[2] play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at Thisby's[3] death. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in QUINCE's House.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

[1] *Party-coloured fool.* [2] a: in f. e. [3] her: in f. e.

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O, sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what, for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps: meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case let Thisby have clean linen, and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. An Apartment in the Palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Hip. 'T is strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antic fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy,
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends; joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed! [have,

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Giving a paper.*

The. [*Reads.*] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."
We 'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."
That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."
Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice, and wondrous seething[1] snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?[2]

Philost. A play this is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is,
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;

[1] strange: in f. e. [2] This is the reading of the quartos. In the folio, *Lysander* reads the "brief," and *Theseus* comments.

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.
Philost. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.
The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.
The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing
Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes:
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity
Enter PHILOSTRATE.
Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest
The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets*
Enter the PROLOGUE.
Prol. "If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

[1] *Ready.*

Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know."

The. This fellow doth not stand upon his points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed, he hath played on this prologue, like a child on a recorder[1]; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain,
Nothing impair'd, but all disordered.
Who is next?

Enter the PRESENTER[2], PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE, *Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.*

Pres.[3] "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his gentle Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers twain,

[1] *Flageolet.* [2] Not in f. e. [3] This speech is given in f. e. to the *Prologue.*

At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt* PRES., THISBE, *Lion, and Moonshine*

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord:
One lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befal,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny, hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This lime, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall: the truth is so;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "O, grim-look'd night! O, night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art, when day is not!
O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.—
And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall!
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall! O sweet, and lovely wall!
Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne.

[*Wall holds up his fingers.*

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss;
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not.—"Deceiving me," is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones:

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace,
And like Limander am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"

This. "'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall*, PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE.

The. Now is the wall[1] down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion's fell,[2] nor else no lion's dam:
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity on your life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

[1] mural: in f. e. [2] A lion fell: in f. e. B. Field suggested this correction also.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True, and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present;"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is not crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present; Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern: how is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would, he would change!

The. It appears by his small light of discretion that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—." [*The Lion roars.*—THISBE *runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. [*The Lion tears* THISBE'S *mantle,* [*and exit.*

The. Well mouthed[1], lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

[1] moused: in f. e.

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright,
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.
But stay;—O spite! [*Seeing* THISBE'S *mantle.*[1]
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What! stain'd with blood?
Approach, ye furies fell!
O fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

The. This passion on[2] the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame,
Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear?
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:—
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus! [*Stabs himself*
Now am I dead, [*as often*[3]
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight! [*Exit Moonshine.*[4]
Now die, die, die, die, die." [*Dies.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

[1] This direction not in f. e. [2] and: in f. e. [3] This direction not in f. e. [4] in f. e.: this direction is given at the next line.

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better: he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet.*———

This. "Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus! arise:
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
This lily lip[1],
This cherry tip,[2]
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone.
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O! sisters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:—
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
And farewell, friends.—
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask[3] dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse, for when the players are

[1] These lily lips: in f. e. [2] *Nose.* [3] So called, from the place in Italy it was derived from

all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*A dance.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.—
Lovers, to bed: 't is almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK,[1] *with a broom on his shoulder.*

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with all their train.*

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;

[1] The rest of this direction not in f. e. Puck is thus represented in an old woodcut.

And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand with fairy grace
Will we sing, and bless this place.

THE SONG.

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be,[1]
With this field-dew consecrate.
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;
Ever shall it safely[2] rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, *and train*

Puck If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear;
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I 'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,

[1] f. e. all have a period instead of a comma. [2] in safety.

We will make amends ere long,
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

"The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts, 1600." 4to, 40 leaves.

"The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Iewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chests. As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London, Printed by I. R., for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon, 1600." 4to, 38 leaves.

It is also printed in the folio, 1623, where it occupies 22 pages, viz., from p. 163 to p. 184, inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." Besides its appearance in the later folios, the Merchant of Venice was republished in 4to, in 1637 and 1652.

INTRODUCTION.

The two plots of "The Merchant of Venice" are found as distinct novels in various ancient foreign authorities, but no English original of either of them of the age of Shakespeare has been discovered. That there were such originals is highly probable, but if so, they have perished with many other relics of our popular literature. Whether the separate incidents, relating to the bond and to the caskets, were ever combined in the same novel, at all as Shakespeare combined them in his drama, cannot of course be determined. Steevens asserts broadly, that "a play comprehending the distinct plots of Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer;" and the evidence he adduces is a passage from Gosson's "School of Abuse," 1579, where he especially praises two plays "showne at the Bull," one called "The Jew," and the other "Ptolome:" of the former Gosson states, that it "represented the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody minds of usurers." (Shakespeare Society's Reprint, p. 30.) The terms, "worldly chusers," may certainly have reference to the choice of the caskets; and the conduct of Shylock may very well be intended by the words, "bloody minds of usurers." It is possible, therefore, that a theatrical performance should have existed, anterior to the time of Shakespeare, in which the separate plots were united; and it is not unlikely that some novel had been published which gave the same incidents in a narrative form. "On the whole," says the learned and judicious Tyrwhitt, "I am inclined to suspect that Shakespeare followed some hitherto unknown novelist, who had saved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one."

Both stories are found separately in the Latin *Gesta Romanorum*, with considerable variations: that of the bond is chap. xlviii. of MS. Harl. 2270, as referred to by Tyrwhitt; and that of the caskets is chap. xcix, of the same collection. The *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino also contains a novel very similar to that of "The Merchant of Venice," with respect to the bond, the disguise and agency of Portia, and the gift of the ring. This narrative (*Giorn.* iv. *nov.* 1) was written as early as the year 1378, but not printed in Italy until 1554; and it is remarkable that the scene of certain romantic adventures, in which the hero was engaged, is there laid in the dwelling of a lady at Belmont. These adventures seem afterwards to have been changed, in some English version, for the incidents of the caskets. In Boccaccio's Decameron (*Giorn.* x., *nov.* 1) a choice of caskets is introduced, but it

does not in other respects resemble the choice as we find it in Shakespeare; while the latter, even to the inscriptions, is extremely like the history in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

The earliest notice in English, with a date, of any circumstances connected with the bond and its forfeiture, is contained in "The Orator: handling a Hundred several Discourses," a translation from the French of Alexander Silvayn, by Anthony Munday, who published it under the name of Lazarus Piot, in 1596, 4to. There, with the head of "Declamation 95," we find one "Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of flesh of a Christian;" and it is followed by "The Christian's Answer," but nothing is said of the incidents, out of which these "declamations" arose. Of the old ballad of "The Crueltie of Gernutus, a Jewe," in "Percy's Reliques," I. 228 (edit. 1812) no dated edition is known; but most readers will be inclined to agree with Warton ("Observations on the Faerie Queene," I. 128,) that it was not founded upon Shakespeare's play, and was anterior to it: it might owe its origin to the ancient drama of "The Jew," mentioned by Gosson. "Henslowe's Diary," under date of 25th Aug 1594, contains an entry relating to the performance of "The Venetian Comedy," which Malone conjectured might mean "The Merchant of Venice;" and it is a circumstance not to be passed over, that in 1594 the company of actors to which Shakespeare was attached was playing at the theatre in Newington Butts, in conjunction, as far as we can now learn, with the company of which Henslowe was chief manager.

Meres has "The Merchant of Venice" in his list, which was published in 1598, and we have no means of knowing how long prior to that date it was written. If it were "The Venetian Comedy" of Henslowe, it was in a course of performance in August, 1594. The earliest entry regarding "The Merchant of Venice" in the Stationers' Register is curious, from its particularity:—

> "22 July, 1598, James Robertes.] A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse. Provided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes, or anye other whatsoever, without lycence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlen."

Shakespeare was one of the players of the Lord Chamberlain, and the object seems to have been to prevent the publication of the play without the consent of the company, to be signified through the nobleman under whose patronage they acted. This caution was given two years before "The Merchant of Venice" actually came from the press: we find it published in 1600, both by J. Roberts and by Thomas Heyes, in favour of the last of whom we meet with another entry in the Stationers' books, without any proviso, dated,—

> "28 Oct., 1600, Tho. Haies.] The booke of the Merchant of Venyce."

By this time the "licence" of the Lord Chamberlain for printing the play had probably been obtained. At the bottom

of the title-page of Roberts's edition of 1600, no place is stated where it was to be purchased: it is merely, "Printed by J. Roberts, 1600;" while the imprint to the edition of Heyes informs us that it was "printed by I. R.," and that it was "to be sold in Pauls Church-yard," &c. I. R., the printer of the edition of Heyes, was, most likely, J. Roberts; but it is entirely a distinct impression to that which appeared in the same year with the name of Roberts. The edition of Roberts is, on the whole, to be preferred to that of Heyes; but the editors of the folio of 1623 indisputably employed that of Heyes, adopting various misprints, but inserting also several improvements of the text. These are pointed out in our notes in the course of the play. The similarity between the names of Salanio, Salarino, and Salerio, in the *Dramatis Personæ*, has led to some confusion of the speakers in all the copies, quarto and folio, which it has not always been found easy to set right.

"The Merchant of Venice" was performed before James I., on Shrove-Sunday, and again on Shrove-Tuesday, 1605: hence we have a right to infer that it gave great satisfaction at court. The fact is thus recorded in the original account of expenses, made out by the Master of the Revels, and still preserved in the Audit Office:—

> "By His Matie Plaiers. On Shrovsunday a play of the Marchant of Venis."
>
> "By his Matie Players. On Shrovtusday a play cauled the Martchant of Venis againe, commanded by the Kings Matie."

The name of Shaxberd, for Shakespeare, as "the poet which made the play," is added in the margin opposite both these entries. Notwithstanding the popularity of this drama before the closing of the theatres in 1642, it seems to have been so much forgotten soon after the Restoration, that in 1664, Thomas Jordan made a ballad out of the story of it in his "Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie," and thought himself at liberty to pervert the original, by making the Jew's daughter the principal instrument of punishing her own father: at the trial, she takes the office which Shakespeare assigns to Portia.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, } Suitors to Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
Antonio, the Merchant of Venice:
Bassanio, his Friend.
Gratiano, }
Salanio, } Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
Salarino, }
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
Shylock, a Jew:
Tubal, a Jew, his Friend.
Launcelot Gobbo, a Clown.
Old Gobbo, Father to Launcelot.
Salerio, a Messenger.
Leonardo, Servant to Bassanio.
Balthazar, } Servants to Portia.
Stephano, }

Portia, a rich Heiress.
Nerissa, her Waiting-woman.
Jessica, Daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailors, Servants, and other Attendants

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me: you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There, where your argosies[1] with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,

[1] Vessels of about two hundred tons.

And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But, tell not me: I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salan. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salan. Not in love neither? Then let 's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 't were as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well:
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salar. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O! my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when[1] I am very sure,
If they should speak, 't would[2] almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I 'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well, awhile;
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.
Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.
I must be one of those same dumb wise men
For Gratiano never lets me speak.
Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

[1] So all old copies; mod. eds., following Rowe, reads: "who"
[2] would: in f. e.

Ant. Farewell: I 'll grow a talker for this gear.[1]

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable in a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

Ant. It is that:—any thing now.[2]

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are his two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wasteful[3] youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,

[1] For this matter. [2] So al. quartos, and 1st and 2d folios; mod eds. read: 'Is that anything, now?" [3] wishful: in f. e.

Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then, do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest[1] unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA'S House.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are

[1] *Ready.*

And, yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: it is no mean[1] happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning[2] is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. —O me! the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. —Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that 's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great approbation of his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears merry

[1] So the quartos; the folios: "small." [2] reason: in f e. The quartos, as in the text.

tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, monsieur le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the

right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a spunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is indeed, to return to their homes, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.[1]—How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart, as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.[2]—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

[1] The rest of the sentence is from the quartos. [2] Knight and Dyce print these three words as the first, and the rest of the speech as the last line of a couplet

SCENE III.—Venice. A public Place.

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall b bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho! no, no, no, no:—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies: I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered[1] abroad; but ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, land-thieves, and water-thieves;[2] I mean, pirates: and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient: three thousand ducats.—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian;

[1] Used as *scattered*; not in a reproachful sense.—*Knight.* [2] water-thieves and land-thieves: in f. e

But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;
[*To* ANTONIO.
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Are you yet possess'd,
How much he would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot:—three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see—But hear you:
Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings which were streak'd, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was

Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inferred[1] to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast.—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio.
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Thee thousand ducats;—'t is a good round sum
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
On the Rialto[2], you have rated me
About my monies and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is a badge of all our tribe.
You call'd me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have monies:" you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or

[1] f e.: inserted; *inferred* has here the sense of *brought in*
[2] Probably the island so called on which was the Exchange, and not the bridge, which was built in 1591.

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this:—
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much monies?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend; for when did friendship take
A breed for[1] barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies,
And you 'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith: I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in thee, Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O, father Abraham! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain

[1] So the quarto; the folio: "of."

By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beeves, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA's House.

Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his followers; PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her train. Flourish Cornets.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burning[1] sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue.
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:

[1] burnish'd: in f e.

Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-stare[1] the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man? the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page[2];
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore, be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then, [*Cornets*
To make me blest, or cursed'st among men!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. A Street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow,

[1] One of the quartos, and the folio read: "o'er-stare." [2] old ed.: rage. Most have, however, adopted the change; also suggested by Theobald.

and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:" My conscience says,—"No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;" or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most contagious[1] fiend bids me pack; "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "fore the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—"My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste:—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend: "budge not," says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run. [*Going out in haste.*[2]

Enter Old GOBBO, *with a Basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens! this is my true begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions[3] with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties[4], 'twill be a hard way to hit.

[1] courageous: in f. e. [2] This direction not in f. e. [3] One of the quartos reads: "conclusions." [4] *Saints.*

Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—[*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—[*To him.*] Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man; and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot. Talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning), is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—[*To him.*] Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day: I know you not, young gentleman. But, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I

am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I 'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord! worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got: thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my fill[1]-horse has on his tail.

Laun. [*Rising.*[2]] It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master 's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service: you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man: —to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and Followers.*

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy. Wouldst thou aught with me!

Gob. Here 's my son, sir, a poor boy,———

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir,—as my father shall specify.

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve———

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify.

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence), are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew

[1] f. e.: phill, same as thill, or shaft-horse. [2] Not in f. e.

having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall fructify unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of doves,[1] that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,———

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your lordship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both.—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well: thou hast obtained thy suit.
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough. [son.—

Bass. Thou speak'st it well.—Go, father, with thy
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—Give him a livery [*To his followers.*
More guarded[2] than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in.—I cannot get a service,—no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*Looking on his palm;*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune.—Go to; here 's a simple line of life! here 's a small trifle of wives: alas! fifteen wives is nothing: eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed: here are simple 'scapes! Well. if fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and Old* GOBBO.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

[1] A common Italian present. Some argue from this and other similar references, that Shakespeare visited Italy. [2] Laced, or ornamented.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit* LEONARDO

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano.

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me. I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must; but hear thee, Gratiano.
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults:
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal.—Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in SHYLOCK's House

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness

But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest;
Give him this letter: do it secretly,
And so farewell. I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived; but, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit*

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit*

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke as yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. 'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'T is now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify. [*Giving a letter.*

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 't is a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this.—Tell gentle Jessica,
will not fail her:—speak it privately;

Go.—Gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I 'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'T is good we do so. [*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SALAN

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me: peruse this, as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. Before SHYLOCK's House.

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.—
What, Jessica!—Thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me!—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loath to go.
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream o' money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together:—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black Monday[1] last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon. [Jessica:

Shy. What! are there masques?—Hear you me,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—Mistress, look out at window, for all this:
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit* LAUN

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring? ha!

Jes. His words were, farewell, mistress; nothing else

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do, as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Safe bind, safe[2] find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.
[*Exit*

[1] Stow says, Black Monday got its name from the following occurrence: On Easter-Monday, April 14, 1360, Edward III., with his host, lay before the city of Paris, and the day "was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold." [2] Fast bind, fast find: in f. e.

SCENE VI.—The Same.

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.
Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures, with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who 's within?

Enter JESSICA *above, as a boy.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For whom love I so much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket: it is worth the pains.
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit,
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What! must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the garnish of a lovely boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit, from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, *to them below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who 's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'T is nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA's House.

Enter PORTIA, *with the Prince of Morocco, and both their trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover

The several caskets to this noble prince.— [*Curtains*
Now make your choice. [*drawn aside.*[1]

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears;—
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—
"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves."
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey th' inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I 'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve?—Why, that 's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more than these in love I do deserve her.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?—
Let 's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that 's the lady; all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head

[1] This direction not in f. e.

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia:
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like, that lead contains her? 'T were damnation,
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He opens the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I 'll read the writing.

"All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains: go.
[*Curtains drawn.*
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Venice. A Street.

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I 'm sure, Lorenzo is not.

Salan The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels too! two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear,
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd—"Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry; and apply your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Salan. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA's House.

Enter NERISSA, *with a Servitor.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtains straight.
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.
Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their trains Flourish cornets. Curtains withdrawn.*
Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose: next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage: lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:"
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire:—that many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which prize not th'[1] interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

[1] Which pries not to th': in f. e

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable,
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O! that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly; and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare;
How many be commanded, that command:
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert:—give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there

Ar. What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

"The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:

[1] This direction not in f. e.

So begone: you are sped."
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.
[*Exeunt* ARRAGON, *and train*.

Por Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy:
Hanging and wiving go by destiny. *drawn*.[1]

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa. [*Curtains*

Enter a Messenger.[2]

Mess. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets:
To wit, (besides commends, and courteous breath,)
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Cupid's quick post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be. [*Exeunt*.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Anto-

[1] This direction not in f. e. [2] So the old copies; mod. eds. read. "*Servant*."

nio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip, report, be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped[1] ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha!—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That 's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then, it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salar. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that was wont[2] to come so smug upon the mart.—Let him look to his bond: he was

[1] *Broke.* [2] that used: in f. e.

wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what 's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what 's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SALAN. SALAR. *and Servant.*

Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!

No news of them?—Why, so;—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why then—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. — hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal.—Good news, good news! ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting? fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my torquoise[1]; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer: bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] It was a popular superstition, that this stone "doth move when there is any peril prepared to him who weareth it."—*Fenton's Secret Wonders of Nature*," 1569.

SCENE II.—Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA'S House.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and their Attendants.*

Por. I pray you tarry: pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore, forbear a while.
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you, and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you,
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd[1] me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 't is to pause[2] the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bas. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love
Had been the very sum of my confession.

[1] *Charmed.* [2] peize: in f. e.

O, happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance! [*drawn aside.*[1]
But let me to my fortune and the caskets. [*Curtains*

Por. Away then. I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win,
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—with much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song, the whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,———Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,

[1] This direction not in f. e

Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiling[1] shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian[2]: beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here? [*He opens the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,

[1] guiled: in f. e. [2] f. e. have: "Veiling an *Indian beauty;* in a word.

Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes!—
How could he see to do them; having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinish'd[1]: yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here 's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

"You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give, and to receive. [*Kissing her*
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio,[2] where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:

[1] unfurnish'd: in f. e. Steevens suggested the same change. [2] So he quartos; the folio: "You see, my lord Bassanio:"

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, in[1] that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you. [*Giving it.*

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words:
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration, fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O! then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady!
I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me;
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;

[1] all is: in f. e [2] Not in f. e.

For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very tongue[1] was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord. [marriage.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your

Gra. We 'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter*

Bass. Ere I ope this letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate. [BASSANIO *reads.*

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome
Your hand, Salerio: what 's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success;

[1] roof: in f. e.; in the folio: rough. [2] Not in f. o

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Sale. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia!
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true, and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you,
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sale. Not one, my lord
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning, and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,

But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied'st spirit,
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What! no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

Por. O love! despatch all business, and begone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—Venice. A Street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, *and Jailor.*

Shy. Jailor, look to him: tell not me of mercy.—
This is the fool that lent[1] out money gratis.—
Jailor, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I 'll have my bond; speak not against my bond
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I 'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I 'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I 'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I 'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.
[*Exit* SHYLOCK

Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone:
I 'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know.
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salan. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

[1] So the quartos; the folio: lends.

To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, jailor, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA's House.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself,
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a sacred vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart:
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well-pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee.
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit*
Por. Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of. We 'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa: but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal[1]:—then, I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,

[1] I could not help it.

Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter.
But come: I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not; that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there 's no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth,

for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then, bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion? Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Lor. O, dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then,
In[1] reason he should never come to heaven.

[1] So one of the quartos; the folio and f. e., read in place of "then, in," "it is."

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that.
Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.
Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I 'll set you forth. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the DUKE; *the Magnificoes;* ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's[1] reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Salan. He 's ready at the door. He comes, my lord.
Enter SHYLOCK.
Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

[1] Hatred.

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 't is thought,
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose[1] the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I 'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection:
Masters of passion sway[2] it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a bollen[3] bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,

[1] The old copies have "loose." [2] The old copies have "sways Knight reads the passage thus:

: for affection
Master of passion, sways it, &c.

[3] woollen: in f. e. *Bollen* means *swollen*.

As to offend, himself being offended,
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
Or e'en as well use question with the wolf,
When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb;[1]
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free; marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates

[1] in f. e.:
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb

Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 't is mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presenting a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
[SHYLOCK *whets his knife.*[1]

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable[2] dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

[1] Not in f. e. [2] f. e., in part: inex-rable.

And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] "Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.—
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger,[1] do you not? [*To* ANTONIO
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head. I crave the law;
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth: and, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong.
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

[1] An old phrase for being in the *power of*, as well as, *indebted to*

Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'T will be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
O, wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor; here it is.
[*Showing it.*
Por. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd thee
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then, thus it is:—
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O, noble judge! O, excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law,
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'T is very true. O, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

[1] Not in f. e.

Shy. I have them ready. [*Producing scales.*[1]
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do[2] bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it: 't is not in the bond.
Por. You[3], merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you,
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a lover.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'T is well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;

[1] Not in f. e. [2] So the quartos; the folio: "should." [3] The folio reads: "Come."

Would any of the stock of Barabbas[1]
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence! come, prepare! [*Showing the scales again.*[2]
Por. Tarry a little: there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned judge!
Shy. I take his offer then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the balance[3],
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

[1] mod. eds. usually read: "Barrabas." [2] This direction not in f e [3] substance: in f. e.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it.
I 'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods: the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit.
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!
Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,[1]
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, *Magnificoes, and train*
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

[1] Ben Jonson calls jurymen "Godfathers-in-law."—*Knight*

Por. He is well paid, that is well-satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again . .
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you farther
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you.—
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir?—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There 's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring,
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house.—Away! make haste.

[*Exit* GRATIANO

Come, you and I will thither presently,

And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. We 'll away to-night.
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO *running.*

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To* PORTIA
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old[1] swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir; will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. The Avenue to PORTIA'S House.

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright.—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,

[1] Often used as an augmentative.

Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And nc'er a true one.
Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenza? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hallooing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit*

Lor. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter;—why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.—
[*Exit* STEPHANO
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns[1] of bright gold;
There 's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore, the poet

[1] The folio: patens (i. e., *plates*).

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

[*Music again.*[1]

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended: and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace! now[2] the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;

[1] This direction not in f. e. [2] how: in f. e. Knight makes the emendation in the text.

But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa:
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket*[1] *sounded.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand: I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.
It looks a little paler: 't is a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.
Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*
Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all:—You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.
Gra. [*To* NERISSA.] By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what 's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give to[2] me; whose poesy was
For all the world, like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."
Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your[3] hour of death,

[1] *Flourish of a trumpet.* [2] Not in f. e. [3] So the quartos: the folio "the."

And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God 's my judge,[1]
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face, that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it. [*Aside.*
Bass. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.
Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring, gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it: it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,

[1] So the quartos; the folio: "but well I know."

If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain[1] the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I 'll die for 't, but some woman had the ring

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it; but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him:
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I 'll not deny him any thing I have;
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I 'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore, be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;

[1] contain: in f. e.

For, if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one.—swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.
Bass. Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then, you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio,
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, when[1] the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies

[1] where: in f. e.

Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then, lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living,
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.
Ner. Ay, and I 'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day?
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I 'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. II.

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